

★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD.}
CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of extra Numbers: Island Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d. Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



Built-to-last

**BATTERIES for EVERY PURPOSE
on Land, Sea, and in the Air**

OLDHAM & SON LTD., DENTON, MANCHESTER.

EST. 1865

GP.6480

Thanksgiving!

We owe a debt of gratitude to our men in the Services—a debt that can never be paid. But we can express our gratitude in helping to meet the cost of Parcels to our Prisoners—which is now at the rate of

**OVER £4,500,000
A YEAR**

A gift from your Jewel Case to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund will help. Send please, to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next

**RED CROSS
Jewel Sale
+ AT CHRISTIE'S**

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

**THIS SPACE IS A GIFT TO THE RED CROSS BY
BEECHAMS PILLS LTD.**

Best Points value

Batchelor's Canned Fruits and Vegetables—though at the moment not so easy to obtain—are equal to fresh garden produce, and are just as nutritious and satisfying. They save time, trouble and fuel.

With a supply of 'Batchelor's' on hand you can vary your menus and plan ahead, thus solving that everlasting problem, 'what next?'

Be advised to try Batchelor's Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce.



Batchelor's

**ENGLISH CANNED
FRUITS & VEGETABLES**

The Government asks YOU to Grow More Food

BUY'S THE WORD FOR WAR SAVINGS

NECESSITY — THE WORD FOR TRAVEL

WORK'S THE WORD FOR VICTORY

and
Sharp's

THE WORD FOR TOFFEE

MINISTRY OF FOOD ANNOUNCEMENT—This is the last week of Ration Period No. 12

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. MAIDSTONE

Remember

EKCO

for
**Radio
and
Lamps**

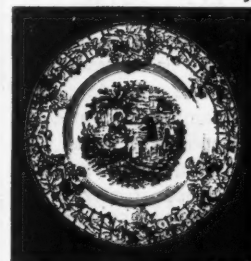
*Get it
at
Harrods*

**STILL THE FINEST
SELECTION IN TOWN**

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

For Tableware
SPODE
Leads The Way



BYRON

*Spode has never failed
to supply replacements
for 100 years and will do
so again after the War.*

Spode

The China of Distinction

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT

Healthy dogs
make good companions



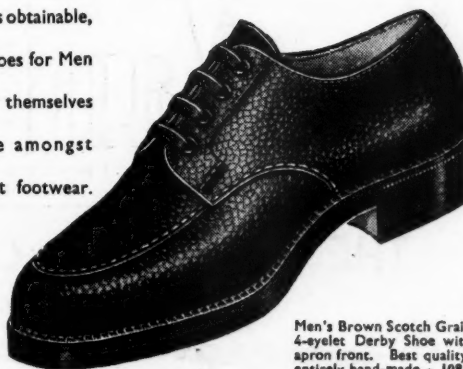
BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

DOCTORS USE IT
CURICONES
FOR RHEUMATISM
AND ALL KINDRED ILLS
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DOLCIAN

Shoes for Men

Designed and made by
expert craftsmen from the
finest materials obtainable,
DOLCIAN Shoes for Men
have won for themselves
a high place amongst
Britain's finest footwear.



Men's Brown Scotch Grain
4-eyelet Derby Shoe with
apron front. Best quality,
entirely hand-made - 108/-

There is a

DOLCIS

Shoe Store in every large Town

For neat appearance and the worth-
while qualities of strength and dura-
bility PATON'S BRITISH LACES are
the best in the land.



A NATIONAL SAVING
PATON'S SHOE & BOOT LACES
FOR LASTING WEAR

FROM YOUR RETAILER—3d. to 6d. PER PAIR
WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND

HOSPITAL SUNDAY

27th JUNE

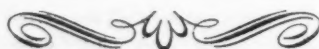
The privilege of FREE GIVING is necessarily restricted nowadays by the number of compulsory contributions all of us are called on to make, and an opportunity such as HOSPITAL SUNDAY when every man can:

"Do according as he is disposed in his heart: not grudgingly nor of necessity,"

should be all the more welcome.

A donation to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund may be given at your place of worship or sent to

THE LORD MAYOR
THE MANSION HOUSE
LONDON, E.C.4



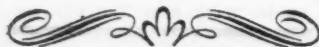
*Connoisseurs
Commend*

VAMOUR
THE True VERMOUTH

The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.
Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



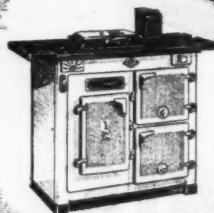
Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
SACKVILLE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1



COL. CLARENDON BLUDGE-REDDE was touchy on the subject of curry. His favourite dish, but unhappily no-one could serve it as they served it in Poona in '98... The Colonel's lady viewed with apprehension the approach of each (inevitable) curry day. Until, in a flash of inspiration and daring—she served curry with Pan Yan, that delicious spicy pickle. For once the Colonel ate in silence till the end and then he said, "Ah!"... Music to the ears! For this was the Colonel's way of saying, "Superb! Pukka!"

Pan Yan { Of course, Pan Yan is not so easy to get nowadays. But the Colonel can put up with a lot for the sake of Victory.
MACONCHIE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

THE TIME WILL COME



when ESSE Cookers are once again obtainable for all households

ESSE

HEAT STORAGE COOKERS
SAVE FUEL

Available for essential domestic requirements

THE ESSE COOKER CO. Prop.: Smith & Wellstead, Ltd. BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
London Showrooms: 63 Conduit Street, W.1 and 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4
also at GLASGOW EDINBURGH LIVERPOOL

EAT

HÖVIS

and do

with a

slice

less!

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield

There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.

I Beauchamp Place,
London, S.W.1, and
at Morecambe.



YOUNG'S *Morecambe* **SHRIMPS**

BEAR BRAND HONEY



THE PREMIER BRAND
Honey is rationed with all preserves and distribution is accordingly limited. We ask you not to be disappointed if it is difficult to obtain.

L. CARVIN & Co. Ltd.
Branch: The Bear Honey Co. Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

Tri-ang
TOYS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
L.B. LTD. London

EYES RIGHT



Let's see...
Royal
"EDISWAN"
Lamps

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
185, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2
(L.30)



Gets Gibbs

SHAVING STICKS

Next time you need a Shaving Stick—just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

Prices from 7½d to 1/3d
including Purchase Tax

GS 78G

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

Less Time for Housework more need for



MANSSION POLISH

Housewives, doing part time war work, find Mansion Polish a real help in keeping the home bright, clean and healthy.

**BE SPARING IN USE
- SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED**

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best

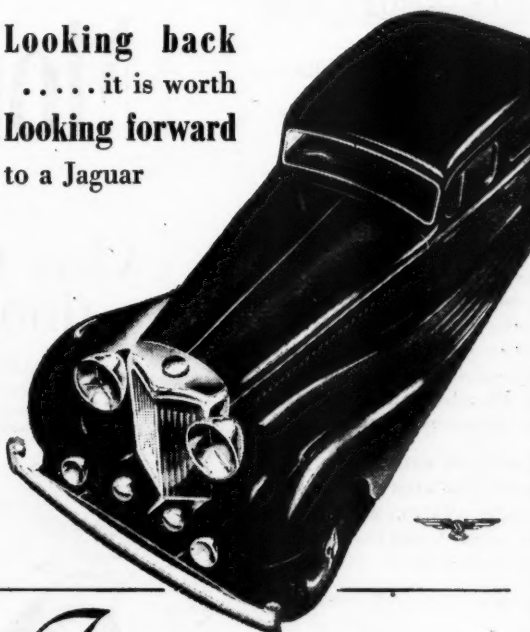


SARSON'S

SARSON'S VIRGIN VINEGAR

and this is the
BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

Looking back
..... it is worth
Looking forward
to a Jaguar



Jaguar

S.S. CARS LTD. · COVENTRY

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

The United Nations at Simpson's SERVICES CLUB



AS SEEN BY

**NICOLAS
BENTLEY**
THE WELL-KNOWN
CARTOONIST

Officers of the United Nations—men and women—become even more united in the Simpson's Services Club! They find companionship, a good bar, baths, valeting, barber-shop, theatre service—all under the same roof. And above all—a warm welcome to London!

Simpson
PICCADILLY

202 PICCADILLY, W.1.

PHONE: REGENT 2002

WHERE THERE'S NEED —



BENGAZI, DERNÄ, TRIPOLI —

YESTERDAY, they were battles—
to-day, Rest Camps, Bases, Leave
Centres.

Salvation Army Clubs in Egypt, North Africa, Syria, Irak, Palestine, as well as those in Libya and Cyrenaica, are 'home' to thousands of Servicemen. They would rather spend their leave at home, of course, but when that can't be done, the friendly, home-like atmosphere of The Salvation Army Club makes a very welcome substitute.

SOON NEW FRONTS WILL MEAN EVEN GREATER DEMANDS ON THE SALVATION ARMY. Money is urgently needed to meet the cost of all this work.

Your gift will help us to serve the Services.

Please send it to-day.

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT



'Second to None'

**GREYS
CIGARETTES**

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco
20 for 2/4 ★ 10 for 1/2

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED IN THEIR 100th YEAR

Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

One of the jolly good
things that's scarce

21st PACKET MAKES
2 2 (separate) PINTS
Still the same high quality
Sold by all good grocers.





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5341

June 23 1943

Charivaria

WRITING in a Birmingham newspaper a correspondent states that table-tennis isn't what it used to be thirty years ago. In those days of course it was ping-pong.

In the opinion of a headmaster the modern boy does not hide behind his mother's skirts. Neither does his mother.



"I have known a pair of birds become very friendly with a cuckoo who invaded their nest," says a Frinton ornithologist. The quislings!

Criminals, we are told, do a lot of physical training in order to keep fit. Even the puniest of jewel-thieves has been known to skip with a rope of pearls.

We read that the foundations of the largest shadow factory on earth have recently been laid down. We fail to see where else they could have been laid.

"Good organisation enabled the lengthy programme to be carried through with a maximum of delay."—*New Zealand Paper*.

Which takes time, mind you.

"With five inches of water," says a correspondent, "I find it better to soap myself before entering the bath and then rinse and soak." In fact an amphibious operation.

According to a Swiss source it is still possible that Spain might join the Axis. As a country member?

"HOW TO CLIP GERMANY'S CLAWS

The answer is 'Never Again' "—*Answers*.

We should say the answer was "regularly."

Hitler was recently presented with a tiger-skin rug. Now if the carpet bit the Fuehrer, that *would* be news.

"Let Nature assist in your gardening tasks," advises a writer. Trim your hedge in a strong wind and you won't have to sweep up the clippings.



Italy has recognized Argentina. We predict that before long Argentina will have great difficulty in recognizing Italy.

An Edinburgh paper says "He would be a very foolish tipster indeed who made the Axis his nap selection for victory." They always were outsiders, of course.

When a Luton man was summoned for mixing paraffin with petrol in his car a policeman said he noticed the paraffin smell coming from the exhaust. He was quickly on the scent.



England Revisited

IT has always been a pastoral line, but now it seems more pastoral than ever. Climbing between W— and L— through some of the quietest landscape in the world, where the little rivers seem lost in a profundity of green, the engine stops now and then with a sigh of satisfaction at a station without a vestige of a name, and the station-master, grey-haired but sprightly for her years, turns out to greet us with a young daughter, a small boy and a dog.

Even at W—, which is comparatively metropolitan, I had been charmed to see the porters cleaning railway carriages amid cries of elfin laughter, flicking water at each other from their mops as they worked. "Don't you dare do that again, Winifred," said one. But two other porters, more serious, less fairylike, were feeding tied calves with bowls of milk and asking them whether they missed their mothers, then, poor little things. The young guard with well-waved hair is dressed in a silk blouse, blue trousers and rather high-heeled shoes; she has not neglected her lipstick and waves her green flag with graceful and conscious art.

In the hope of gaining a new answer I have asked her the question we always ask at L—: Is there any real reason why we should be turned out of our carriage for forty minutes, leaving our luggage inside it while the train goes away to the shunting yards and returns in the fullness of time to the same place at the same platform, allowing us to return to the same compartment again? But she has been well-drilled. It is the company's rule, she says. "Supposing there was to be an accident while the train was in the shunting yards and you inside, don't you see."

I don't see and I never have. Long ago, I suspect, some desperate passenger was allowed to stay inside his carriage during this awful manoeuvre and stole the fly-wheel of an engine or a piston-rod or carved his name on the carriage door.

It had been my bright idea that we would eat the lunch we carried in a wicker basket while we dallied in the shunting yards. But it was not to be. We have our lunch on the platform, where there are some more tethered calves, and break the laws of England by giving them a sandwich to lick. They like the salt. Outside on the burning road a huge bull is being led past a halted detachment of Bren carriers which it eyes with the deepest disdain.

* * * * *

Oh, of course, it is Sunday.

One of the curiosities of the cottage is that if you stop and put your head out of the bedroom window at the back where the garage is, you find your face almost on a level with the face of anyone who is standing there, and only a yard or two away.

Hearing the voice of Mr. Thomas while I shave, I look out to say good morning and observe that he is drilling the Home Guard. I had forgotten that he is using my garage as his ammunition depot and the H.Q. of his troops. There are only five of them but he has begun to address them loudly as "Platoon," when he sees my eyes and nose surrounded by a fringe of soap, and interrupts himself to pass the time of day. I ask what he thinks of my garden, in front, and he says that it is in poor shape and he wishes he had had time to attend to it a bit. I withdraw and the formal parade continues, but I have managed to catch the

eye of the principal poacher, which is all to the good, because he allows me some latitude about the fishing while I am known to be in residence, so to speak.

Mrs. Thomas is cooking the breakfast and says that the mice have been at the books again. It seems that they like *Chambers's Encyclopædia* most, but they are not very scholarly, and beginning at the end have only made TEIN to ZYRI and SACR to TEIGN really illegible, and I think I can do without these volumes while I am here.

* * * * *

The garden is really amazing. Three-quarters of it is filled with buttercups and wild carrot—the latter nearly breast-high—but pink and blue lupins and purple irises and peonies stand triumphant over the wild riot, and there is a white rose bush with domesticated blossoms at the top which has begun to sprout common hedge-roses near the stem. All the vegetables have vanished in the underwoods.

Wondering whether a few hand-grenades from the garage would not be better than a spade and fork to begin breaking up the wilderness, I have seen a rather curiously dressed man in the lane. He has taken Mrs. Thomas's bicycle which she left leaning against the cottage wall and is trying to ride about on it. I tell her about this, but she does not seem to mind. She says it is only one of they Italian prisoners working at the farm, and he is always doing it. "And I've brought you some eggs," she says. Mrs. Thomas is always "bringing some eggs." It is a gesture which in London would cause a good deal of surprise, but in this valley none. I ask her whether it would be possible to get an Italian prisoner to deal with my garden, but she says I must ask Mr. Williams about that. One has to ask Mr. Williams about everything here because he farms all the land from the bridge to the ford. I cannot find Mr. Williams for he is a very busy man, but I find Mrs. Williams.

She has no ideas about Italian prisoners as weed-destroyers, but is having a jumble sale soon and would I have anything to give her for it. I ask whether *Chambers's Encyclopædia* TEIN to ZYRI and SACR to TEIGN would be any good. She thinks they are more by way of being salvage than jumble, and then I remember a very old pair of grey flannel trousers which have been patched so often owing to barbed-wire and moths that they could scarcely have been respectable in the time of Offa or the Wars of the Roses, or any of the other convulsions that have shaken the Border shires. She believes that they would do splendidly. They can be cut up and stuffed for toy elephants, she declares. There is a note of Imperialism about this that pleases me, and I say I will sacrifice them willingly.

After breakfast, which even judging by the sun I think is rather late, I hasten to see the rabbit-catcher. He admits that the war has been rather good for rabbit-catching on the whole. But the Government, he complains, have "put men out on the hills" who are interfering with his old monopoly. Seeing that he can scarcely put a foot down without scaring a young rabbit, I suggest that he is being rather unfair to the Government, mention our victories in North Africa, the bombing of the Rhineland and Pantellaria. He admits that these are brighter aspects of our war-effort, and promises to let me have two rabbits in exchange for some trout. The church bell rings loudly



THE KING IN AFRICA



"I'm sorry, but I can't possibly mend this before the eve of Martinmas."

through the valley for the first and only service of the day. This is at 3 P.M. We dine on Spam.

* * * * *

There is no night.

At about 2 A.M. Double Summer Time the foxes are barking and the cuckoo begins. These sounds merge imperceptibly at dawn with the stamping of horses and the lowing of cattle, the bleat of lambs and the throbbing of unheeded aeroplanes, which are more numerous than mayfly on the stream. There is, of course, no weather, which is a handicap to anyone writing about this part of England. One can merely say that it comes and goes considerably. Sun, wind or rain, I am sorry later on that I left my lunch for a moment under an alder while I am trying a difficult pool. It was an austere lunch, but a bullock has seen fit to eat it. The day wears on. Apparently the Italian prisoners are working at the quarries as well as at the farm. They ride home shouting and laughing with glee along the road from the bridge in open trucks, while I go on fishing for food. . . . I thought so. If there are any more barbed-wire fences on hand to climb over as this one, there will be more elephants for Mrs. Williams' jumble sale.

* * * * *

The postman has come. This only happens once a day.

She carries a spring-balance in a metal case which is very useful for weighing parcels—or trout. I have asked her to have a cup of tea and look at my lupins while I answer the mail.

EVOE.

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Action in the Event of Fire

HERE, then, am I once more flying my little aeroplane in company with the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet.

To-day I am especially glad to find that I am not alone, for the practice we are about to do as listed on the type-written syllabus so impressively affixed to the front page of my Log Book is alarmingly worded—"ACTION IN THE EVENT OF FIRE."

I am still further disconcerted to notice that the aeroplane in which we now find ourselves is of considerably older vintage than any which I have flown hitherto. This may of course be accident—or it may be design.

We are, at the moment, at a height of approximately two thousand feet, and the voice that I have come to know so well is reciting new lines of "patter" which I must endeavour to absorb.

I am being told to imagine that the aeroplane is on fire and to prepare myself to take the necessary action against this distressing occurrence.

Just how much I am to use my imagination has not been made clear. If I am to use it to the fullest extent of its considerable capacity and really conceive myself surrounded by licking tongues of flame, I do not need to consider in any way the sort of preparation I should at this moment be taking. In view of the fact that I have to summon all my courage to approach a smouldering bonfire and have actually been known to cry aloud on an occasion when my hand accidentally came into contact with a lukewarm electric-toaster, I have no doubt whatever that should the situation have indeed arisen which the gentleman in front is asking me to presume, I should be over the side of this sizzling aeroplane and pulling frantically at the rip-cord of my parachute at the very first sign.

It appears, however, that the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet would regard the whole matter with an air of superb calm.

I do not doubt it.

I have every confidence that if the aeroplane in which we are now sitting suddenly decided to end its twelve years of miserable existence by disintegrating into a thousand pieces so that the two of us were left sitting in the atmosphere entirely unsupported by any visible means, the gentleman in front of me would nonchalantly deliver the "patter" covering forced-landings in extreme circumstances and

proceed to put his suggestions into practice with every possible success.

According to the information now reaching my straining ears, the first action I must take is to turn off the petrol and open the throttle fully in order to use up that which remains in the carburettor as speedily as possible.

I am a little uncertain as to whether we are still in the world of make-believe or if I really am supposed to be taking action according to these instructions. I feel quite sure that some remark has been made to clarify the position, but I think at the time I was in a slight state of coma. I hesitate to question the gentleman, as by so drawing his attention to my unforgivable preoccupation I shall lay myself open to his stern disapproval.

Taking all in all and biased in my decision by the fact that he has, I perceive, opened the throttle himself, I will presume that it is indeed his intention that the petrol should be turned off. No longer in doubt, therefore, I reach for the knob and with a smart movement of the left hand push it hard forward.

It now appears that for the sake of convenience it has been decided to assume that it is the right-hand side of our aeroplane that has caught fire, and in consequence thereof we are to side-slip to the left away from the flames.

How ingenious!

Suiting the action to the words, the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet is already putting the machine into the orthodox attitude and side-slipping violently towards the ground.

It seems that there are now only three things left for us to do. We must look out for a suitable field in which to land: we must switch off as soon as the engine stops: and we must make use of the fire-extinguisher to the best of our limited ability.

I am doubtful of this last.

To visualize myself making merry with this battered red cylinder with the gangrenous-looking brass top that resides on the floor of the cockpit just below my right knee, and at the same time to be aiming my aeroplane with its fan no longer rotating at a field the size of a pocket handkerchief, is more than even my extensive imagination can conjure up.

There is now a slight spluttering from the engine and, like a flash, showing my quick response to the instructions I have just received, I thrust my hand outside the cockpit and rest the fingers lightly on the

switches. With a final cough the engine stops and, switching off, I next occupy myself by wrenching the fire-extinguisher from its bracket and brandishing it above my head in the hope that the gentleman will catch sight of it in the reflecting mirror on the centre section strut and appreciate how competent I am to deal with this disastrous situation.

I notice that we have now—rather suddenly, I thought—recovered from our side-slip. There is a deathly stillness, accentuated by our silent engine.

Is there, I wonder, anything I have omitted to do?

Surely he does not intend me to complete the demonstration by actually using the fire-extinguisher?

Ah, he is speaking—nay, rather is he shouting.

He is asking me what I have done. I have great pride in telling him.

What is that? He did not intend me to do the thing literally?

Oh, misery me . . . !

Have I seen a field? he says. Yes, I have seen several, but none that I should like to choose for the purpose of forced-landing our aeroplane.

It appears that he himself has seen one and that his question was, in a broad sense, rhetorical, using even this untimely opportunity to test my competence to deal with an emergency. . . .

As we near the ground I see for the first time a field of considerable dimensions which seems hitherto to have escaped my notice.

With enviable skill the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet has judged his approach and is touching down without so much as a tremor on the air-frame. . . .

He is now climbing out and has, I fear, many things to say to me. I sit with bowed head ready for the onslaught.

There seems, however, to be some delay in his delivery. The words must assuredly be choking in his throat, rendering him close to a state of asphyxia.

With an effort I raise my head and regard him gloomily. To my astonishment I notice that behind those hard grey eyes there is the suspicion of a smile.

Is it that perhaps after all he harbours some small gratitude towards me for having thus presented him with the opportunity to demonstrate his undoubted skill?

I really believe he does. . . .

At the Pictures

THE GOOD COLONEL

The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp (Directors: MICHAEL POWELL and EMERIC PRESSBURGER—who also produced, and wrote the story) is too long, and has a misleading title; but there is not very much else to be said against it. The title is misleading because one expects—or one would expect, if one hadn't read the notices—a more or less satirical work on the character invented and immortalized by DAVID LOW, whereas what one gets is a careful, intelligently-done and more or less serious account of the life of a conscientious, brave and not even dull-witted British Army officer whose latter-day Conservatism is little more than the common result of the inevitable hardening of by no means unusual arteries. In other words *Colonel Blimp* was always Blimpish even as a young man, and at any moment there are always plenty of subaltern *Blimps*; but the only trouble with *Candy*, in this story, is that he clings to the belief that right is might, that those who fight fair will win because of that fact no matter what the behaviour of their opponents. The tendency to think this is, to be sure, constitutional; but I don't think it was in the constitution of the original *Colonel Blimp*.

All the same, two hours and three-quarters is rather too much. (There seems to be no common denominator in these characters who are allowed more than a hundred and fifty minutes for their biographies: the great ZIEGFELD, *Scarlett O'Hara*, *Clive Wynne-Candy*...) I don't wish to imply that the piece is not continuously entertaining: it has been done with remarkable skill and intelligence in all departments, and personally I did not dislike anything about it but the momentary piece of hokum with which it ends (that sudden, old-man's salute, slipped in to overcharge the emotional atmosphere and produce the electric crackle of applause as the picture fades). The colour is exceedingly good and much

of the film is a pleasure for the eye, though the last-war scenes look artificial. ROGER LIVESEY is admirable as the developing *Colonel*, DEBORAH KERR skilfully differentiates between three girls who look exactly alike; and ANTON WALBROOK is a German so sympathetic as to have worried some of the newspapers.

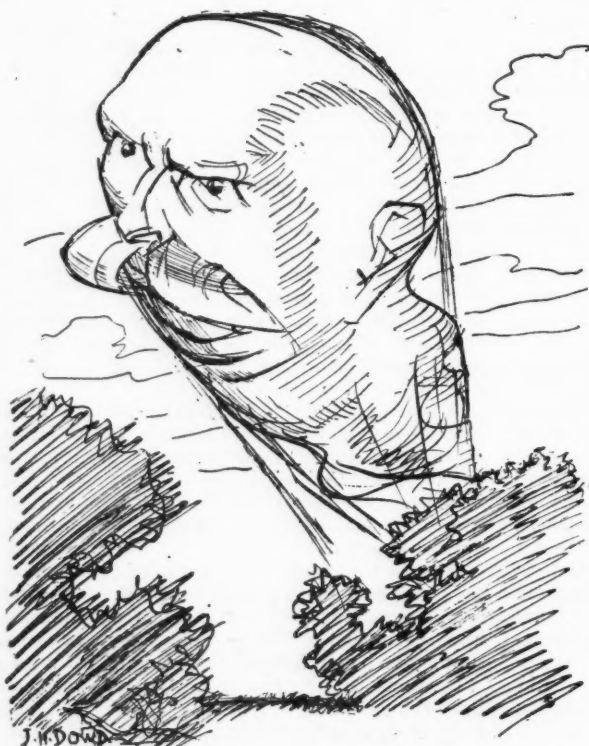
Now for a picture in which BRIAN DONLEVY, of all people, is called upon to make such weighty remarks as

indeed, and brilliantly done. There is some other excellent small-part playing which livens up a few of the sequences we know so well; and the straightforward "chase" part of the story is as effective as a well-directed man-hunt always is—more so than usual, in fact, since the man-hunt is Mr. LANG's directorial speciality and by this time he knows how to get more out of it than anyone else. But I don't take much pleasure in this kind of film: the constant insistence upon brutality—the details of brutality—sours the whole thing.

For a lesson in the way this kind of story should be told, see the Crown Film Unit's *The Silent Village* (Director: HUMPHREY JENNINGS), which, basically about the same thing, manages to be ten times as moving, impressive and memorable in a quarter the length. This, too, is about the murder of Heydrich; but it has the sense to understate instead of underlining. The mining village of Cwmgiedd acts as the mining village of Lidice, and we see what would have happened in Wales very much as it did happen in Czechoslovakia. There are no professional actors: these are all the people of the Swansea and Dulais valleys. The sense of brutal oppression is there, the misery and resentment of the people under it is no less faithfully conveyed than in the Lang film; but it is done without any of the Lang film's smart, monocled, jack-booted toughs, without any of the Lang film's careful and obvious and detailed (and familiar) displays of exactly what

sort of violence and intellectual and physical torment the Nazi oppressors employ. In my view this makes the short Jennings picture better than the long Lang picture; though not, of course, in the view of the expectant queues outside the Tivoli.

Another comparatively short film must have a word here: PAUL ROTH's documentary *World of Plenty*, which runs for nearly an hour and is about the problem of food distribution. It is stimulating, informative and a first-rate basis for discussion. R. M.



[The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp]

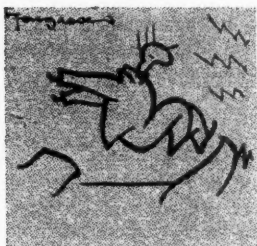
FACING THE CRITICAL WIND

Col. Blimp ROGER LIVESEY

"We are faced with two different problems, each dependent upon the other"—a work which otherwise may be concisely summed up as one of those films the credit titles of which are displayed against a background of sinister shadows moving across brick walls.

For me, most of the mitigating moments in *Hangmen Also Die* (Director: FRITZ LANG) were contributed by ALEXANDER GRANACH, who has a fine time as the beer-drinking, bowler-hatted Gestapo Inspector Alois Gruber—a fruity part

When next you hear the sirens in the middle of the night, give a thought to the brave warden who, for your protection—



leaps out of bed—



hurls himself into his uniform—



grabs his bat—



and his torch—

Mess Accounts

LIEUTENANT SYMPSON runs our Officers' Mess. He took it over from Lieutenant Hock about two months ago, after a rather sordid argument about pickled onions. Lieutenant Symphon happened to remark one night at dinner that he couldn't see how the Mess President (Lieutenant Hock) managed to spend our five piastres a day, since we lived almost entirely on rations. Hock took umbrage, and pointed out that there was a pot of pickled onions on the table, and that table-cloths and tin-openers had to be paid for. He concluded with the remark that if Symphon thought he could make a better job of being Mess President he was welcome to try.

So Symphon took over, and made, if possible, a bigger failure of it than Hock. Even pickled onions disappeared from the table, and when we wanted gin there was only whisky, and when we wanted whisky there was only gin, and when we were broadminded enough to say that we would put up with either there was usually nothing but a bottle of methylated spirits for lighting the pressure-lamp which Symphon hoped to buy in Cairo if he ever managed to borrow transport on a day that wasn't the Feast of Something, when all the dealers in pressure-lamps knock off.

When Symphon took over from Hock he naturally asked for the accounts, and a list of Mess property at cost, less depreciation. Hock gave him the account-book, which was quite easy to understand once Symphon had learned that Hock's sixes and fives were exactly alike and that two tins of sardines bought during the Company's brief sojourn in Palestine last year had not been converted from Palestine money to piastres, but still retained, as it were, their Palestinian nationality.

"But as for a list of Mess property at cost less depreciation," said Hock, rather evasively, "the one I had when I took over the accounts from Captain McLewis was lost in the great sandstorm we had in October. When the Audit Board comes round, you can make out another."

So when the Audit Board was due to visit us Symphon started to make a list.

"Five chairs," he said, glancing round the Mess; "I wonder what they cost and how much they have depreciated?"

"Don't put this one down," said Major Fibbing, "it's my own. I bought it from the late major for fifty piastres and a small mirror that turned out rather a white elephant, as the silver-stuff flaked off."

"And the two wicker ones," said Captain Foxglove, "we won at Tobruk. So there's only the green chair with the leg missing and the wooden one with the very depreciated seat."

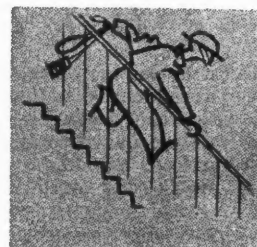
The Mess clock, it appeared, really belonged to one of the native sergeants named Wabonga Nabonga, who had gone to hospital and left it in the Major's care. Of the eight cups and nine saucers, one cup and three saucers had been borrowed from the sergeants' mess in exchange for a coffee-pot, which the C.S.M. had since broken during Sergeant's Park's birthday celebration.

"All that is straightforward enough," said Major Fibbing, "but when you come to the cutlery . . ."

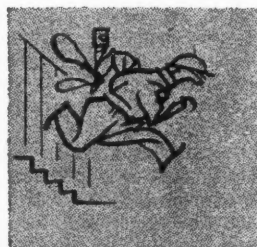
Symphon would probably have ended up with a court-martial, but luckily another sandstorm arrived concurrently with the Audit Board, and when Symphon explained that his detailed list of Mess Property at Cost less Depreciation had been swept away, the Board, which was already late for lunch, agreed to accept a round figure.



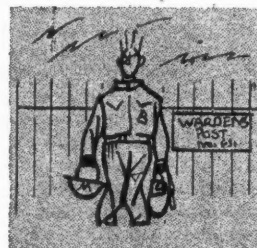
and, of course, his respirator—



hurtles downstairs—



and belts madly round to his post—



arriving just in time to hear the "All Clear."



"And then we'll have that little dream cottage with a tiny white gate, roses round the door and a hundred acres of arable at the back."

H. J. Talking

I HAVE never climbed mountains much, though when they have occurred in the course of a walk I have not shunned them. Many people make a great labour of mountaineering, and carry picks, axes, sleighs, skis and skates, but I am not sufficiently good at it to be able to handicap myself, and usually wear ordinary walking things and shoes with rubber suckers on them. A small valve worked by a string lets air in and out of these as wanted. When I come to a difficult bit the suckers prevent my falling and the valves, carefully manipulated, enable me to move each leg in turn. Bridges of rock I usually cross hanging downwards, and rocky slopes at right-angles. Ice can be melted quite easily, if you have the kind of suckers that don't suck ice, with a large cigarette-lighter. Snow is certainly a trouble, as it gets very deep in some mountains, but being a scientist I worked out that the trouble with snow is that it is not compressed enough to walk on. I thought of hiring a steam-roller to precede me, but it turned out that it would need enormous suckers when going up a steep cliff-face, and I considered that these might be thought ostentatious and in bad taste. Also, if it was always in front of me it would spoil the view. I then worked out that large flat things sink more slowly through snow than small thick ones, so that the obvious course was to take hurdles. The objection to these seemed to be that they would be even more burdensome to carry than ice-picks, but it occurred to me that they could be sent to the places where they were required by post and all I should have to do would be to receive them on the spot—not much of a hardship, as postmen are generally punctual.

One problem about mountains is what to do when one gets to the top. Personally I usually like to push on with my walk, but among enthusiasts to stop as long as ten minutes is *de rigueur*. If there is a dawn or a sunrise or a view, one can look at it joyfully enough, but if, as usual, there is merely a mist, apart from pointing out that it is probably a cloud and wondering what kind of cloud it is, there is very little to do. It is rare to find anything of architectural interest, and unless one happens to be on a

frontier, where the Customs help to pass the time pleasantly, it seems best to read. I do not recommend food, as the cloud always seems to get in some mysterious way into the sandwiches. I usually carry *Whitaker's Almanack* to fill in odd times, as I memorize the Ministers' salaries, which always seem to be of much more interest than cricket averages.

The children have never shown much disposition for sport, asking pertinently enough what there is in it for them. We have pointed out that high prices are paid for good footballers and that cricketers are frequently invited to stay in country houses and can subsequently get free meals from those who wish to know what country houses are like. B. Smith thinks the team-spirit is important because it teaches other people not to let you down: but no team we can find will have the twins, as they are very argumentative and quarrel with the crowd. Football crowds are easy to quarrel with, but most cricket crowds are good-tempered and working them up distracts the twins from the game. We once got them into a Charity match at Lord's by bribery and my wife's inviting the committee to a dinner which went on and on until they agreed to give our chicks a place; but as soon as they went out to field they made a dead-set at the people in the pavilion, who were difficult to rouse until compared to various kinds of fish.

In one match, a chess one, the twins were playing against a very expensive school where it was bad form to display any interest in games and there was no crowd for quarrelling with. The twins under this provocation departed from their usual rule that their opponents themselves should be respected and screeched accusations against them, among such being that the chessmen had been loaded, they confusing them with dice. This school had received many good legacies, but these were for the support not of scholars but of the staff. In fact the usual proportion of boys to masters was reversed. It was a teachers' paradise. Obstreperous boys might be taken by no fewer than ten men at once. There was, however, no endowment for a headmaster, who was paid by a whip-round in the Common-room at the end of each term, he being kept well under in consequence. It is not surprising that appointments to this school were much sought after. Candidates were expected to be, above all, convivial, and able to spend money with a splash. The school motto was "Gaudeant Magistri."



"The democratic slave Press states that the Fuehrer's speeches have lost their usual bombast and braggadocio—THIS IS ANOTHER PLUTOCRATIC LIE!"

Faces in Cabs

I AM always falling in love with faces in cabs. Cool, mysterious women with flower-like faces and small black hats flash past me, and I am lost. I surrender unconditionally. My sole desire is to be whirling away in that taxi, instead of waiting inconsolably for a bus. To be strictly honest, I have this desire to be whirled away in a taxi whenever I am waiting for a bus, whether there is a flower-like face in it or no (I mean in the cab, of course. One does not see flower-like faces in buses). But the motive is different.

Generally the lovely women I see in cabs are sitting well back in the recesses of the vehicle, modestly withdrawn; but sometimes they lean forward, gazing in an anxious way at the driver's back and drumming slim fingers on the thing the window goes down into when it's lowered. I cannot bear to see them worried like this. I have no means of knowing whether they are attempting to fly from a cruel husband or to get to Paddington by 6.30, but in either case I should like to help them. And sometimes I think I do, for I have noticed that if they happen to catch my eye as they speed past they sink back immediately into the interior of the cab and become cool and mysterious again. I suppose I have a soothing influence on people I care for.

I am also frequently repelled by faces I see in cabs. There is a sort of fat man in a blue suit who is always getting into cabs just ahead of me. I fancy this man pays his driver half-a-crown for a two-and-sixpenny journey and then debits his firm for "Fare (including tip) three shillings." In fact I am sure of it. He bets a good deal. He wears stiff turn-down collars with brown stripes on them. (Fact!) He says "Old boy" repeatedly when drinking, which he does in his bath and out of it, and he always gets the last seat in trains. Some say he is in the Black Market, but I wouldn't know. He's pretty careful and probably contents himself with keeping more hens than he's entitled to. He wouldn't go short of an egg if the whole success of his urban district's salvage drive depended on it. You might say he was the most unpleasant man in the world, if there weren't so many of him about.

There is also a kind of universal aunt, who travels endlessly in cabs. I mean no disrespect by this to the excellent institution of Universal Aunts who help people to get from Charing Cross to Liverpool Street without loss of self-respect (a difficult job this, since it means going into the City). All I am saying is that this person looks like what everybody's aunt looks like, or used to look like in the days when aunts were aunts. She is tallish and thin and severe. There are, however, more serious charges to bring against her. Chief, that she has the knack of appearing to be paying the driver off when in fact she has just engaged him—a diabolical trick. The result of this is that one stands with a hand on the door till she has finished her negotiations, just to make sure that nobody else gets the cab, finds too late that she is about to enter the vehicle, and has, for want of any better way of explaining one's presence, to open the door for her. She may or may not point out to one, as she gets in, that she never gives tips. I put it to the Government that this kind of thing ought to be prohibited by an Order in Council. There is no excuse whatever for holding long conversations with the driver before the journey, however much it may be necessary afterwards. This lady, it is credibly reported, does both, but I myself am only present at the encounter which precedes the drive.

Even when this lady is in transit, as inevitably she sometimes is between conversations, I do not greatly relish her appearance. She has an air of despising those who lack the initiative or the cunning or the cash required to travel in cabs. She is in no way so evil as the fat man in the blue suit. I admit that. Her hens, whom she greatly resembles, undoubtedly come within the scale laid down. But she ought to be compelled to travel by London Transport.

I should not care to be whirled away in a cab with either of these two persons.

Among faces which I do not like to see in cabs I think I ought to include one more. I remember catching sight of it one day last summer in a small mirror behind a little vase of artificial flowers which my driver had very kindly put in the cab for me. I was late and hot and returning from leave, and I had with me a great accumulation of luggage, and those I suppose were the reasons why the eyes appeared to be starting out of the head and the mouth kept opening and shutting in a stranded way. But why the unearthly pallor and why was the hair so disordered and streaky? It was my own face, I admit that. But I don't want to catch sight of it in a cab again.

H. F. E.

Write to Your M.P.

"While thunder roared over the city like heavy artillery, two inches of snow fell in parts of Fairview, Kitsilano and lower Shaughnessy Tuesday afternoon.

It was decidedly a freak storm and no official explanation of the phenomenon is forthcoming."—*Vancouver Daily Province*.



"You look positively stunning to-night. I understand you look after the leave-passes in the orderly-room."



"Well, I don't think the Milk Distribution Scheme was meant to work out like this."

How to Pay for the War

IN a recent letter to *The Times* Mr. G. Bernard Shaw let the economic cat out of the bag. He said, very simply, that the saving which would result from the dropping of one letter from a commonly-used word would pay for the war in a few months. I received this news very sceptically. Surely, I thought, this is just another bit of Shavian leg-pulling. Aha, I laughed, the genial old script-writer is up to his old tricks again. And then in a flash I realized the full implications of his statement. One letter dropped (by everybody) from one common word would save enormous quantities of ink, paint, paper, metal, time and labour. I want the reader to believe me when I say that the idea is sound economically. I don't want to go deeply into it to-day. All I will say is that Scotland's

poverty is probably due to her retention of the rolled "r," and that really successful business men seldom sound any aitches.

What alarms me is the possibility of the device becoming common knowledge among the nations of the earth. It seems to me that if two letters are dropped we can pay for two wars, three letters three wars, and so on. In that case China seems to have an immense potential and a significant advantage. Wars are like any other commodity, subject to the laws of supply and demand. Make them cheap enough and everybody will have them. And keep on having them until in the end so many letters have been dropped from so many words in so many languages that there are no written treaties or pacts left to break.

If we keep the idea to ourselves we can do more than pay for the war. We have expensive commitments in the post-war years. By dropping one vowel altogether we should be able to pay for the lot—at one go.

And let us start right now. I'm sure Lord Kindersley and Sir Kingsley would be among the first to welcome the suggestion.

○ ○

Phantom Fleet

"(6) Comedy by from the ships that salute the arrival of Henry Arthur Jones."
Weekly paper.

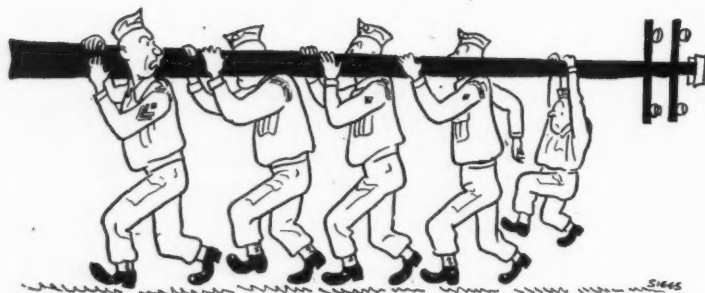
○ ○

"Gardener with mowed lawn to be cut badly."—*Advt. in suburban paper.*
He'd better come on his bicycle.



ADOLF DEFYING THE LIGHTNING

"All the same I don't like it—it seems to come from all sides at once."



"Somebody isn't pulling his weight."

First Flight

WE are airborne. For the first time we are airborne.

Well, that is not quite true. We have been airborne twice before, when they picked up our little ship with a crane, swung us over the dock-side and put us down, very delicately and skilfully, in a dry dock, under the stern of a much more important vessel. That was fun. It was fun—because it was against the rules for any of the crew to remain on board during the operation—and because we had such perfect confidence in the crane-man who, like most of his kind, was an artist—and because there was a limit, the chain, to what he could do with us.

But that, we confess, could scarcely be described as flying. We are now flying for the first time. And flying to Scotland.

Extraordinary. How many years has all this flying been going on? We can remember Blériot arriving suddenly on the cliffs of Dover (or somewhere)—and how excited we were. We remember those gallant knights Alcock and Brown making the first flight across the Atlantic—and how excited we were. Earlier—or was it later?—we remember making a special journey to Brooklands to see a Frenchman called Paulhan (was it?) flying upside-down—and how excited we were. It is odd to think that the brave boys who do most of the flying now (and think nothing at all of flying upside-down) do not remember these things at all. For it must be—what?—nearly twenty-five years since Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic. Blériot's exciting swoop across the Channel must have been some years earlier. And at twenty-five, in these days, an airman is a veteran.

All this time, all through this revolutionary quarter of a century, we have stood aloof from the main revolution, from the thing that has turned more things upside-down than anything else. It was never necessary for us to be airborne (apart from the two incidents already mentioned; and even then it wasn't necessary). And we never went out of our way to be airborne. We confess that we have always faintly disapproved of flying. We have been one of those simple souls who said that if God had intended us to be airborne he would have given us wings. To which, of course, you may reply that if God had intended us to burrow under the ground and make mines and underground railways he would have given us little furry paws like rabbits. And if he had intended us to go about under the surface of the sea in submarines he would have given us fins and gills, like fish. You may think that that is a logical, effective, and indeed a crushing answer. But it is not. Well, it may be logical, but it does not crush us. We still think the world would have been a better place if brave old Blériot had remained at Boulogne—or come across in a Channel steamer.

That was another thing. In peacetime people like George used to say: "Why not pop over to Paris—airborne?" Well, no, "airborne" was not a Word of the Day then. "Why not fly over to Paris?" they said. "You miss all the Customs fuss, and the queues, and the steamer, and all those French porters tearing you to pieces at Boulogne. You miss two train-journeys. You miss——"

"Miss" is the word," we would interject at this point. "We *should* miss all those things. We *like* the

change of gear from English to French, even if the gears do crunch a little. We *like* the battle for deck-chairs and stewards on the boat, in which we show ourselves so clever and experienced. We *like* the sea-journey, the debates about sea-sickness, the triumph when one is not. We *like* the assaults of the French porters and the exhausting encounters of the Douane. It is all part of the game. And when at last you sink into your seat in the Paris train, complete with wife, family, tickets, passports, and even luggage, you feel that you *deserve* a holiday. Miss all this easy flying——"

"Ah, but the time!" George would break in. "Look at the time we save!"

"If we have not enough time," we would reply rather pompously, "to go to Paris in the proper way, we will not go to Paris till we have."

For all these good reasons, and others which we now forget, we have never before been airborne. And here we are, airborne at last.

We have not been airborne for very long. Indeed, if the pilot is not very careful, we feel, we may still hit the houses ahead of us. Good, he has been careful; and we have not. Already we can look down on all the houses in the neighbourhood, which are numerous; and we can see a motor-car going along a street.

At this point, we feel, we should have a sense of elation, of ecstasy. The business of becoming airborne was not nearly so alarming as we expected, and now we should be rejoicing in the mastery of Man over Nature, delighting in the distant view of London and the Home Counties (we can see St. Paul's far away), and feeling ourselves immensely superior to the few poor earth-bound creatures we see in the suburb below.

As a matter of fact we do not feel any of these. As a matter of fact we have often seen the roofs of a lot of suburbs before, from the tops of high buildings: and we never thought much of it as a view. It seems no better to-day. Suburban streets, seen from the ground, can be pretty and cheerful; but this is like looking at an enormous suburban map, and nothing could be more depressing than that. It is no wonder that the gods of all the ages have had a poor opinion of the human race, for this is just the view they get of our habitations.

We, on the other hand, so far from feeling superior to the humans below, feel faintly ridiculous and out of place. Yes, believe it or not, so far, that is our main impression of flying; we feel rather absurd.

Perhaps that is because the machine in which we sit is small (or seems small to us) and the wing to our right keeps swaying up and down over the roofs. We feel like a child doing a very public see-saw, early in the morning, when everybody else is working. We feel—yes, out of place.

Perhaps all will be better when we are out over the open country.

Already we are out over the open country. But we have the same impressions. We now look down upon the tops of trees and the backs of sheep. This is not the best way of seeing a tree—or even a sheep. The fields are very numerous and green; but not more green than they look from the top of a hill. We still roll a bit, and from time to time the ship drops a little and hits something with a bump. We are not alarmed. We do not feel sick. The motion is rather like that of a small vessel in Sea Reach of the River Thames in rough weather, though not so regular. But it gives us no sense of the mastery of Man over Nature. We have complete confidence in our pilot; and the machine, which is His Majesty's, must be a good one. We know, by hearsay and observation, that this is the normal way of travel in the air. But if we were to go by sensations we should not be at all surprised if the machine dropped straight to the ground at the very next bump.

And, goodness, what very brave men were the pioneers! For they must have had the same sensations without the same cause for confidence. Old Blériot, for example; how he must have bumped and swayed over the Channel! And how ridiculous he must have felt!

Maybe in a bomber or a Spitfire one has more sense of the mastery of man. We must try that one day.

Well, we trundle along, bumping and making a good deal of noise. Trundle? Yes. Our passage seems absurdly slow. George says we are doing about a hundred and forty miles an hour; and we never travelled as fast as that before. But it seems a crawl. Every five minutes we pass over a golf-course or an airfield. People we pass over do not so much as look up at us, which we resent. Ahead is a large town. What is it? We have not the faintest idea. George has not the faintest idea. Henry has not the faintest idea. We have no map. If we were in a train we should see the

name on the station. If we were in a car we could stop and ask. Up here we just stare at the town, frustrated.

More bumping. More airfields. More golf-courses. More bad views of sheep and trees. We are now veteran fliers and have lost interest in our sensations. We should like to read a book. But is it the done thing to read in the air? Would it be properly respectful to man's greatest triumph? Probably not. We should like to blow our nose. But we do not think we can get at a handkerchief because of the parachute harness in the midst of which we sit, feeling rather like an unimportant parcel. We cannot converse because of the noise. We must just sit still and look at the top-decks of sheep and cows. They said it would take us only four hours to our destination. "Only!"

More bumping. What is the old catch-phrase with "bumping" in it? "Bumping and something." "Bumping and—boring." Heavens, what a horrid thought! But we cannot keep it away. Other irreverent persons have told us the same thing. We refused to believe it; but there it is. When it is not alarming this is a boring way of going about.

Underline "When it is not alarming". Bumping about in fog, cloud or heavy rain, one imagines, must be much less boring.

Well, may it always be boring! And let us give thanks to all those who have laboured and dared so much to make it boring. Thank you, too, Mr. Pilot, for making it boring to-day. Another flying-field. Good gracious, we have taken a heavy list to port. "Banking,"

they call it, we believe. We must be going down.

George, what is this place? D—? But why are we going down? We thought we were going to lunch in Scotland. The weather in Scotland is too bad for flying? What happens now, then? We get on to a train? The weather is not too bad for the train? When shall we be there? Lunch-time to-morrow? A day behind schedule? But if we had taken the night-train last night we should have been there for lunch to-day. And this is what you call "saving time"? Well, well.

Anyhow, we are going down. Now, this, they all told us, is the really alarming part of the first flight. Perverse again, we must say that it is the only part we have really enjoyed. At last the sense of mastery, the sense of grace and artful control. We are pretty sure, we think, to take the roofs off those small houses, but never mind, they are not very good houses. Going down. It reminds us of tobogganing, of the water-chute at the old Earl's Court Exhibition. This, we perceive, is the childish delightful essence of it all. Sliding down a hill without hitting anything at the bottom. Going down, going beautifully down. We have not hit the houses. Well done, sir. We have touched down. We are there. Thank you, sir.

We now understand why we see so many aircraft rising up from airfields, going once or twice round and then coming down again. It is just for the fun of coming down. This is the Big Toboggan.

The only thing is, we are now a day late.

A. P. H.



"Pretty good, don't you think, after only a month in the Wrens?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"... So I said to him 'What you really need,' I said, 'is a Sergeant to look after you.'"

Diaries and Diaries

IT is now very difficult to get books, except household ones which never fail to arrive and excite in the thoughtful mind the question: Why is the total what it is when every time you order anything you're told it's just gone off the market and you can't have it? To this question there is probably no answer at all, so don't bother about it but go straight on to the next question, which is about *Old English Diaries*.

Why did the old English keep so many and such long diaries? This, again, is practically unanswerable, but they did; and what is more, we shall never know *how many of them did*, because it wasn't in more than some nine thousand and forty-seven cases that the diary, in fourteen volumes, was eventually discovered concealed under the kitchen pump, edited, and given to the world. Have you been able to escape reading some, at least, of these annals?

It is all the (unobtainable) oranges of China to (what is left of) Lombard Street that you haven't.

You remember how it all goes?

"Mighty fine day. Rose late and breakfasted with old Tom Buttermuslin, who was much put out that we sat down to nothing but cold chine of beef, potted rabbit and bacon, a loaf of new bread, much fresh butter, cream and honey and some French beer. Said that he would not have set such mean fare before me for the whole world had he but known of my coming. Made the best of it that I could and assured him that I live very plain by choice. Tom Buttermuslin still much out of countenance, but recovered on my reading to him my Cousin Martha's Verses on an Evening of Early Spring in the Vicinity of Bourne Mouth.

"Rode home slowly at mid-day, going round by Lower Prattle to look at a house that my great-aunt's

step-father, whom I never knew, since he died of a quinsy before I was born, is said to have thought of purchasing. Unfortunately this house is not visible from any part of the road, but I believe that a small iron gate in a fragment of wall that I passed had some connection with it. Remained looking at it for some little while."

What difference do you observe between this diary and the one kept by you or me, if we ever had any time to waste?

"Took down black-out, dining-room blind gone wrong again. No eggs. Managed with porridge but milk gave out and baker did not deliver. A.R.P. all morning, ate same old paste sandwiches for lunch, walked to Committee-meeting in village and back again, put up black-out. Front bedroom blind gone wrong again. Knocked up by police who said light was showing."

You see what I mean?

In case you don't, take another look

at old Tom Buttermuslin's friend or, more probably, crony.

"Summoned Sukey to my room soon after daybreak as I wished to mark the twentieth anniversary of her faithful service in my house. Gave her a shilling in silver and a half-yard of good black bombazine, saying that I was much pleased with her and that she had baked, brewed, washed, scrubbed, mended, put up the preserves, polished the furniture and cooked and served the meals well, besides tending my nine children since the lamented loss of my late wife. Sukey much overcome, and curtsied several times. To-day being my second-cousin Bob's birthday, I sent him an hogshead of Portuguese wine, said to be not unlike English port, ordering the gardener to carry it to Cousin Bob's house by the moorland road, this being steeper, but shorter by four and a half miles, than the turnpike. Played on my flute for several hours, and felt greatly refreshed afterwards. Mr. Maugrey, with his wife and two daughters, to supper, also the curate. Had veal broth, a dish of mutton chops, roasted fowls, a raised pie with stuffed marrows, stewed pigeons and cucumber. Also apricot tarts, and a dish of curds and whey. The whole will set me back some twelve or thirteen shillings, I doubt not.

"Much merriment occasioned by Mrs. Maugrey catching her foot on the stairs and falling over backwards, knocking down the curate. All went home soon after tea, I attending them to the gate. Ordered Sukey to bring me two blue pills and a draught of rhubarb and senna so soon as I had got into bed."

Here again your diary—and also mine—differs more than a trifle from the one we have just been quoting.

"Advertised again but no answers. Mrs. Hox says she can't come again after Thursday. Doesn't know of anybody else in the village, as girls all going into the Services.

"Gardener called up to-day.

"Robinsons to tea. Brought their own margarine and wouldn't eat any potato-scones. Just as well, as these a failure.

"P.G.s went to bed early and used all the hot water. Two A.T.S. billetees expected to-morrow. All four turned up at midnight.

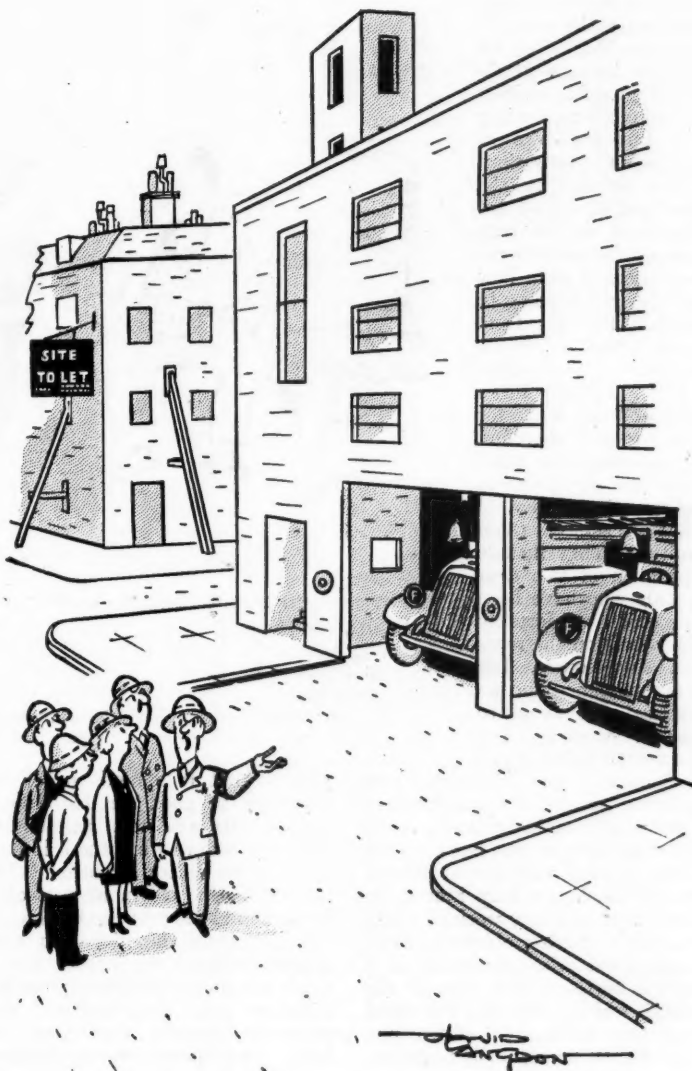
"Got to bed at one-thirty, tired. Set alarm-clock for six-thirty."

So there you are.

Now perhaps you understand the fascination (word supplied by the Publishers' Association) of reading old English diaries. Or perhaps, on the other hand, not. E. M. D.

A Warning to the West Wind

O FAIR West Wind who, whether in wild moods
Hurling upon our fields your host of showers
And stripping their bright glory from the woods,
Or murmuring among the early flowers,
Has had your place among those mighty powers
That all mankind has honoured hitherto,
Hitler is making plans to poison you. ANON.



"Here's another building we shall have to keep a special eye on to-night. THEY haven't any fire-watchers either."

At the Play

"LIVING ROOM" (GARRICK)
 "THE MOON IS DOWN" (WHITEHALL)
 "THE RUSSIANS" (PLAYHOUSE)
 "SWEET AND LOW" (AMBASSADORS)

MOST light-comedy writers, howsoever successful in that medium, aspire at least once in their careers to the writing of a quite serious play. It is now the turn of Miss ESTHER McCracken, who gave us *Quiet Wedding* and *Quiet Week-End*, so to aspire. *Living Room*, especially at the beginning and the end of the evening, is manifestly the work of the same author, since we have here the same atmosphere of agreeable, middle-class, and often quite witty fuss. But the core of *Living Room* is so serious and has become by the beginning of the Third Act so involved in its own seriousness that we become quite concerned as to how the playwright is going to extricate herself from her own difficulties. Sympathetically concerned, though, since Miss McCracken can write for the theatre and therefore engages the playgoing mind however far she journeys out of her wonted way.

What are some of those difficulties? They include the problem of two dear old maids who have been living quite comfortably all their lives on the rents of some slum houses. The slum is condemned and no compensation is offered to the property-owners. The ladies are therefore faced with penury. The difficulties also include the problem of the husband of the old maids' maidservant—a good honest working man who has been out of work so long that his emaciated frame will no longer help him to do the only kind of heavy work of which he is capable. Such problems as these can and could arise—especially in a congested north-country city in the year 1937, which is this play's declared date. And when well stated and presented they can be made to engage the mind of galleryite, dress-circleite, and even of your sybaritic critic lolling in his stall. Especially when you have good actresses like Miss LOUISE HAMPTON, Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, and

Miss EILEEN BELDON to be the old maids and *Meggie* the maidservant respectively, Mr. CHARLES LAMB vividly to underline the pathos of the unemployable unemployed, and other clever people like Mr. LLOYD PEARSON and Miss JANE BAXTER whose subsidiary problems we are by this time too depressed to examine.

It is brave, of course, of Miss McCracken to face the fact that life is not all weddings and week-ends, that there are dismal Mondays and shiftless Thursdays as well. The value of her

feminine of Miss McCracken to think that it answers any of the questions she has raised. If you find your kitchen seething with cockroaches you do not solve the problem of exterminating them by shutting the kitchen door and returning to your comfortable drawing-room shrugging your shoulders and saying: "Things must be somehow!" *Living Room* says "Things must be somehow!" and says nothing else.

But both *The Moon is Down* and *The Russians* say that there is a tremendous and thornily complicated war waging, and say it with the most lurid and resonant effectiveness. The one gives Mr. JOHN STEINBECK's American view (stated before America's entry) and the other M. KONSTANTIN SIMONOV's Russian view (set down when its young author was in the actual field of battle). If these plays have to be compared one would say that the first is better art and the second better melodrama. But both plays are rich in momentous incident, and in both the enemy is not made to seem improbable. There are, too, some sterling performances. In the Steinbeck Mr. LEWIS CASSON as a martyred Mayor, Mr. W. E. HOLLOWAY as his gentle doctor-friend, and Mr. KAREL STEPANEK as a Nazi Colonel with some hopeful misgivings about him. In the Simonov Mr. MICHAEL GOLDEN and Miss FREDJA JACKSON as guerrilla fighters, Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE as a quisling, Miss OLGA

LINDO as his harrowed wife who feels obliged to betray him, and Mr. ARTHUR HAMBLING who walks to certain death as proudly as Fortinbras's army.

After all this strong drink *Sweet and Low*, the new revue for Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD and Mr. WALTER CRISHAM, is the very best black coffee, served with a witty liqueur. This is a mordantly satirical show for sophisticates, especially for such sophisticates as know our most fashionable actors and actresses only by their first names. Its matter is always firmer than its music, but both the leading players are an unholy joy in nearly everything they sing, dance, or suggest. A. D.



COUNTING THEIR BLESSINGS.

Miss Vicky Benton.	MISS LOUISE HAMPTON
Sam Morrow.	MR. LLOYD PEARSON
Miss Deborah Benton.	MISS NELLIE BOWMAN
Molly Benton.	MISS JANE BAXTER
Dr. David Blake.	MR. PHILIP CUNNINGHAM

play is that it reminds us of these asperities in good forcible dramatic fashion. Its weakness is that it does not even begin to breathe a hint of a solution to either problem. What happens? One old maid puts on her bonnet and goes over the road to have a cosy chat with that nice stern-looking master-builder; she knows how to cajole him into giving *Meggie's* husband a lighter job. And both old maids suddenly discover that they have half a dozen spare rooms in their house and that they have no very great aversion to letting out lodgings. This clears the murky air and makes a comparatively gay last Act. But it is, if we may say so, just charmingly

Cooking

COOKING, as all my readers well know, began when primitive man first cooked something. Since then cooking has gone on and on and is now recognized both as an *art*, or something which people are either good or bad at, and a *science*, or something which those people who are bad at could be good at if only they were better at. Statisticians tell us, however, that neither definition represents the average attitude to the subject, and that most people would define cooking as the cause of washing up.

Cooking is carried on mainly by means of saucepans, and saucepans are so interesting that I should like to say a few words about them. Saucepans have lids, but no one can be sure if these lids were actually sold with the saucepans or were bought afterwards to fit them, because several lids often fit one saucepan, just as several saucepans often fit one lid. Saucepans are kept on a row of hooks, fitting on to them by the holes in the handles, and the holes in saucepan handles are angled so that to fit saucepans on to hooks the saucepan has to be held ten feet from the ground and the handle aimed slowly at the hook. Scientists do not know why this is, but say that the idea may be to make it no less difficult to get a saucepan off a hook than on it. The lids are kept vertically in a rack, with the biggest lid, by the telepathic consent of the household, in either the top rung or the bottom; this is to facilitate choosing a lid to fit a particular saucepan, the lid needed being always the one either above or below the gap left by the lid first chosen.

On the whole most people nowadays cook with stoves, and most stoves have tops and insides, the insides being known as ovens and treated with great respect by people who do not cook; psychologists say that this respect is really due to the people who work the oven, but gets transferred to the oven itself, and that there is a lot of this sort of thing in cooking, people being notably ready to transfer self-reproach to milk which has boiled over. The interesting thing about the top of a stove, if it is a gas stove, is that each tap relates to a different burner, and if we follow the pipe along from the tap to the burner we can tell which tap relates to which burner, but not unless. Psychologists tell us that whoever invented the original pattern for gas stoves did so with a definite purpose; that anyone about to start cooking, and getting the right tap to work the right burner, shall thereby be given just that extra half-ounce of self-confidence which makes all the difference to successful cooking.

Now for a few of the simple basic cooking processes. First, of course, comes boiling a kettle, which is so simple as not to count as cooking at all. Even so, to boil a kettle calls for a certain range of the emotional gamut reserved for cooks; beginning, especially if the kettle is electric, with a sort of deferred pessimism, and ending, especially if a kettle boils outdoors, with a suddenly-released optimism. Next to boiling a kettle it is probably easiest to boil an egg, but only if whoever is boiling the egg is going to eat it, when the whole thing is what psychologists call pretty easy. Conversely, to boil an egg for someone else is so difficult as to be foolhardy, and is only made possible by that natural intolerance in all of us which tells us that anyone who likes an egg harder or softer boiled than we ourselves do is not worth bothering about the good opinion of anyway.

Now we come to perhaps the most basic process of all: what is known as *watching the potatoes*. Potatoes are

watched in a saucepan with a lid on; that is, the potatoes are in the saucepan and the people watching them can only do so by lifting the lid and keeping out of the way of the steam. Centuries of potato-watching have given potato-watchers an instinct about steam, and another instinct which tells them when the potatoes look what is called nearly done; that is, ready to have a knife or fork stuck into them. There is a rule that potato-watchers shall stick a knife or fork into the potatoes several times before they are actually done, and another rule that when they are nearly done the potato-watchers shall be as excited as if the potatoes were quite done; the idea being that whoever is really doing the cooking takes over all responsibility for the potatoes at the stage when the potato-watcher gets excited, leaving the potato-watcher free to mix the mustard or do anything else about up to a potato-watcher's standard. I should perhaps mention here that there is only one way to make mustard, and that is to start with not enough mustard, add not enough water, add to this too much water and finish up with what the mustard-maker hopes is about the right amount of mustard.

A few more hints which may make cooking easier. People who lean against kitchen doors and ask if they can help—these are the class of people from which potato-watchers are usually recruited—are also good for the simpler kinds of vegetables but not always qualified as stirrers, because stirring needs more than just goodness of heart, which is often all such people have. This goodness of heart is never more exemplified than when such people are asked to fetch a tin or bottle of anything specific from a cupboard, because such people will stand in the cupboard and call out the names on all tins or bottles of almost everything else in their zeal to find out what you want. Such people, again, will never bring out a jar of salt without warning you that it may be washing-soda, and such people are often right. Finally, lettuce may not count strictly as cooking, but here is a very useful hint. It is as safe to put the inside bits of a lettuce on the top of a salad as at the bottom; I mean, people are no more or less likely to take them or not to take them—the sort of people who automatically take only the inside bits of a lettuce being the sort of people who automatically look through the whole salad to find them, and the sort who take only the outside leaves being also that way anyhow. Psychologists tell us that the whole thing is so closely allied to heredity and upbringing that the mere arrangement of a lettuce makes no difference.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

KING GEORGE'S Jubilee Trust has always worked through the principal national juvenile organizations. In war-time, the policy of the Trust has been to give them every possible help, and its financial backing is a very important factor in their activities. Since 1935 it has paid out £425,000 in grants, £154,000 of this in the last four years. But, in spite of many economies, the funds are now dwindling at a moment when they are most urgently needed. Mr. Punch recommends this Good Cause to his generous readers; the address is King George's Jubilee Trust, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.



"Except for the unrelated participle, the double negative and the two split infinitives, my story agrees almost word for word with Jackson's."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Harriet Martineau

LIKE Dr. Johnson, Harriet Martineau suffered permanently from the after-effects of being put out to nurse with a woman in ill health. She was never able to taste food, except once, in adult life, when the flavour of a leg of mutton suddenly, to her great delight, became perceptible to her. Her digestion was permanently enfeebled, and from her late teens onwards she was almost completely deaf. In childhood she was a prey to nervous fears which her mother dismissed as affectations designed to attract attention to herself. The magic lantern used when her parents gave a children's party terrified her, and there was a walk over the Castle Hill at Norwich which she dreaded because the people at the foot of the hill used to beat their feather-beds with sticks, and when she looked down at them the fact that the blows and the sounds did not quite synchronize seemed obscurely sinister. In spite, or possibly because, of this bad start, she developed into a courageous and hard-working woman, and though her didactic uninspired writings are no longer interesting her life and character are well worth the careful and sensitive treatment given them in this well-written and well-proportioned study (*Harriet Martineau*, by JOHN CRANSTOUN NEVILL. FREDERICK MULLER, 5/-). When she was twenty a Unitarian magazine accepted an article from her, and two or three years later, her family having been impoverished in the post-war slump of the eighteen-twenties, she set to work in earnest. Her *Illustrations of Political Economy*, a

series of tales designed to enforce economic lessons, had a European as well as an English success in the 'thirties. Louis Philippe directed that they should be translated into French, and the Tsar distributed them in great numbers among his subjects. It was characteristic of Harriet Martineau that the enthusiasm of these sovereigns did not prevent her from celebrating the Fall of the Bastille in one of her tales, and denouncing the treatment of Polish exiles in Eastern Siberia in another, after which her writings were withdrawn from circulation in France and Russia, and she herself was forbidden to set foot within the Tsar's dominions. America fell out with her when she supported the Abolitionist movement, and her English public cooled towards her when she advocated what her brother, James Martineau, denounced as "the New Atheism." But nothing daunted her for long, and she had a permanent source of happiness in her farm at Ambleside, where she dispensed a generous hospitality to visitors, in spite of Wordsworth's advice to her to give a cup of tea to callers, but to charge them if they asked for meat.

H. K.

Introducing Mary Lavin

LORD DUNSANY, enthusiastically presenting *Tales from Bective Bridge* (JOSEPH, 8/6), asserts that the mechanism of these enchanting short stories is to that of the modern thriller as the works of a gold watch to the machinery of a factory. This is true, even though it is not possible for each of a series of eleven to attain the exquisite efficiency of the four best. The four best, however, are representative of four different veins, their unity depending less on the author's attitudes—which are youthfully varied and adventurous—than on the honesty and beauty with which each mode of perception grapples with a common theme. The theme is Ireland: the mystical Ireland, older than Christianity, that persists in "The Green Grave and the Black Grave"; the mystical Ireland wistfully Christianized that pervades "Brother Boniface"; the serio-comic Ireland of "Lilacs" in which gentility comes ruefully up against stark human needs; and the aristocratic Ireland of "Miss Holland," which portrays with exemplary severity the rift between magnanimous natures and base ones. One diagnoses Miss LAVIN—who is not Irish—as American. Even New England, notably as it has excelled in the short story, has done nothing better than this. H. P. E.

The Inner Light

The history of the Society of Friends is the record not of a rigid organization founded and maintained by a few men of genius, but of the persistence of a great idea held within a circle of worshippers bound together only by a common conception of the ultimate sources of inspiration and of the limitless fields of altruistic enterprise. Even George Fox, whose preaching gathered round him the first members of the sect in the stormy days of seventeenth-century religious intolerance, rather collected persons of like persuasion with himself than sought to make converts, and he maintained his belief in freedom of thought against himself no less than against others. Through a weary tale of hectoring persecution in this country and the early American states by those to whom a community devoid of visible authority seemed a dangerous anomaly, OTTO ZAREK carries this history—*The Quakers* (DAKERS, 10/6)—nearly to the present day. One may well have some complaint against him for not bringing it quite up to date in a world at war, and indeed the balance of his book would have been improved by taking from the troubles of Fox and Penn and the early stalwarts to give more attention

to modern vexations. Mankind to-day seems to lack little of the cheerful courage that sent the early Quakers, men or women, to challenge king or sultan in their courts, or to convert the Pope to Christianity, but we need perpetual reminders of the spirit of the peace-keepers, in the moral, industrial and economic problems that increasingly confront us.

C. C. P.

Last Man Off

Of all forlorn hopes, among imperial commitments prodigally undertaken and impossible to sustain, the defence of the Philippines was as hideous and as heroic as any. By an irony of fate, Lieutenant-Colonel CARLOS P. ROMULO, a well-known Filipino journalist, came hot from exposing English blunders in the Far East to drink his fill at Corregidor and Bataan of the greatest American reverse in history. One thing, however, differentiated the American story from ours: the natives were heart and soul with their one-time conquerors, whose status and freedom they shared. Colonel ROMULO was put in charge of the defence's radio and press relations. ("People can stand the truth," said General MacArthur.) And he endured four months of predestined defeat, among malaria, dysentery, gangrene and starvation, a Japanese price on his head, and his wife and children lost in Manila. Finally, under secret orders, a derelict flying-boat, made largely of spare parts fished up in the harbour, took him away as Bataan fell. On him were the last letters of comrades—who guessed but did not grudge him the rescue he had consistently spurned—together with the diary on which *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines* (HARRAP, 9/-) is so movingly and modestly founded.

H. P. E.

A Modern Pilgrim

In his introduction to Mr. HUGH MATHESON'S *Puritan's Progress* (METHUEN, 12/6) Mr. L. A. G. STRONG finds the chief importance of the book in the fact that the author has not solved any of his problems. "He writes from the midst of them. He does not know where he stands. He does not even know whether his upbringing was good or bad." There is, however, a good deal to be said for a spiritual pilgrimage in which the traveller has a clear idea of the direction in which he wishes to go. Dante's poem would lose much if Dante were presented as rambling in and out of Paradise, Purgatory and the Inferno without being able to make up his mind which of the three he liked best. The progress of Bunyan's pilgrim would fix our attention less closely if Christian, after sighting the Delectable Mountains, felt a sudden nostalgia for the City of Destruction, and when the Celestial City came into view decided to give Vanity Fair another trial.

Mr. MATHESON was born in Lancashire of Scottish parents. His father and mother were both severely puritanical, and even when he was nearing thirty, and had just returned from the front, his father chided him for whistling on Saturday night—"My dear boy, isn't it time you settled yourself? I don't like to hear you whistling so near the Sabbath." Though of a somewhat pliable, easy-going nature, he was devoted to his parents, and knowing how they longed for him to be converted, he tried to open himself to the evangelizing efforts of the local and itinerant preachers whose services he attended. One of the best passages in his book, which though too facile and fluent contains much excellent descriptive writing, pictures the triumphant visit to his town of a famous evangelist. The author resisted his spells, and was converted somewhat later at an ordinary service. It appears, however, that the chief effect of his conversion was to stimulate his attraction towards women, and much of the book is concerned with

his vain attempts to shake off the cramping effect of his puritanical upbringing. After taking his degree at Manchester University he became a schoolmaster in Lincolnshire. Of a cheerful disposition and a good amateur actor, he was popular in the society of the place until it came out that he was not only a Wesleyan but a lay preacher, who sometimes delivered sermons in neighbouring villages. It is not quite clear what conclusions he drew from this experience, but the book ends with him as a journalist in London, rejoicing in the city's vast anonymity and social freedom.

H. K.

Blood and Iron

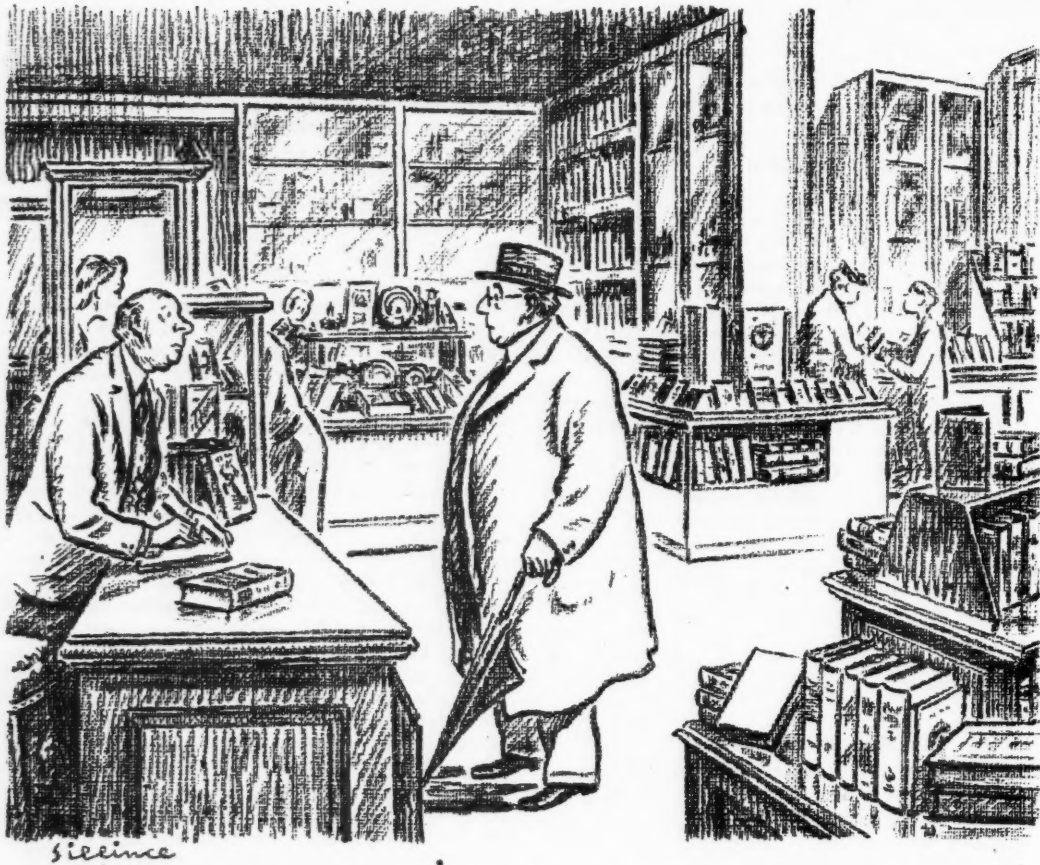
Otto von Bismarck, born at Schönhausen on April 1, 1815, came of a family settled in the Old March of Brandenburg for some six hundred years, and apt on that account to regard the Hohenzollerns as mere upstarts. In 1832 he matriculated as a law student at Göttingen. Seven years later he learned that his family were in financial difficulties. So he resigned from the Civil Service and spent another seven years in restoring the family's prosperity, buying back in the end the Schönhausen estate, which his father had been forced to sell. All these things, and more, you may learn from *Bismarck*, written by IAN F. D. MORROW (DUCKWORTH, 3/-), a handy volume in the Great Lives series. In 1847 he married, and was elected to the Prussian Diet. The future Imperial Chancellor confessed that in those days he was a "terrible Junker," and indeed he may be said to have remained one for the rest of a stormy life. But in 1862, when William I was on the verge of abdicating rather than surrender his royal prerogative, Bismarck was hastily summoned from a holiday among the vineyards of Bordeaux and appointed Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Thenceforward Prussia had a master—a master who meant to make Germany united under his and Prussia's leadership. To accomplish this he employed all the methods that have been so faithfully followed by his successors. Treaties were made, and torn up as required: the war machine was prepared and exercised, beginning with the easiest victims: Germany was duly persuaded that she was being threatened or insulted. So in turn came Düppel, Königgratz, Sedan. Bismarck, however, was not so insatiable as his followers. He knew when to stop. Mr. MORROW has written a straightforward concise account of a life that had an enormous effect on the history of modern Europe.

L. W.



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"I like the way they walk about in queues."



"Can you get me an unexpurgated copy of the Beveridge Report?"

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. Can you explain why it is that whenever circumstances compel me to share a taxi with strangers I invariably get one of the tip-up seats? I am a middle-aged marmalade manufacturer. My hobby is bird-watching.

(Mr.) SHIRLEY V. PINSTRIP.

A. There are some of us who seem born to sit on the tip-up seats of life, Mr. Pinstrip, while others effortlessly attract to themselves all the upholstered tit-bits. Dr. Vespasian Sweet's manual on the development of the personality may be of assistance if, in your case, the trouble is constitutional, though I am inclined to think from the way in which you make use of your leisure that yours is an austere disposition not altogether allergic to discomfort of posture. It may even be

that long association with the feathered world has bred a subconscious urge to perch, as it were. It would be interesting to know your reactions to worms and groundsel. In either case I consider you need to watch yourself, as one never knows where this sort of thing ends.

* * * * *

Q. The lady next door to us is very low-spirited as she has had some rhubarb jam on her mind since two years last August. She made fourteen pounds and put mouse poison in three of them so as to be ready for German parachutists coming to the back door, only unfortunately got them mixed the next afternoon when turning out the pantry, and now her husband, who is fond of rhubarb, keeps on saying when

is she going to open one. She daren't tell him her reasons now she hasn't had any parachutists at the back door as he was against the idea from the start and is liable to stop her money for pictures if he thinks she is wasting things. What should she do?

Mrs. BEATIE JINKS.

A. As the husband in question is not a mouse, I see no reason why your friend should not feed him with the jam if he wishes it. Any resultant discomfort could very easily be attributed to our English climate, over-indulgence at the local, etc.

* * * * *

Q. Does it not seem to you significant that the names of our chief leaders each include the letters in—

Winston, Franklin, Stalin? When I mentioned this to a colleague who sometimes thinks it rather clever to be sceptical about these little discoveries of mine, she at once pointed out that "Mussolini" also contained the letters "in." This was exactly what I was waiting for! "Ah," I said, "but in 'Mussolini' the 'i' is pronounced 'ee' and therefore does not rhyme with 'win'! Surely a lucky omen for the Allied nations? PSYCHE.

A. Thanks a lot, Psyche. We are passing on your heartening bit of research to other readers.

* * * * *

Q. Our late Auntie May (a leading light of the Suburban Fish-Friers' Guild and lifelong halma player) stated in her will that she wished every one of her possessions to be devoted to the war effort. We have done all in our power to carry out this request, difficult as it has been, but find we have still on our hands a set of white-enamelled Venetian blinds, for which no one will make us an offer, and nineteen celluloid table notices with the legend: *Go Easy On The Vinegar*. What ought we to do with these? (Mrs.) ADA TEW.

A. Only the other day I heard of one well-to-do family of sisters who had been cutting up their old Venetian blinds to make T-squares for their friends. Might it not then be a rather pretty tribute to the tastes of the deceased if the blinds were in this capacity awarded as prizes for halma contests in some of the Services clubs? The table notices, I think, should be slipped into parcels of comforts destined for overseas, as these would serve to remind the boys of home.

* * * * *

Q. I seem to have fallen in error with my landlord as he tells me we cannot keep hens in a garden 12 feet by 7 without his permission and this he feels compelled to withhold, he says, for sanitary reasons. Had I known beforehand I would never have taken the house, for we have always been accustomed to our own eggs; in fact in the select neighbourhood from which we have just moved we at one time kept as many as four fowl-houses, though following an outbreak of roup and scaly leg, we gave these to help build a Y.W.C.A. hostel. In the meantime how am I to house the half dozen chicks (still in a cardboard box) which I bought under a misapprehension at last Saturday's market?

(Miss) MOSPY FLOXTON.

A. As you cannot keep them outside, mightn't it be fun to give them the run of the house? That is to say, have them running about quite naturally in the ground-floor rooms but train them to return at nightfall to some obvious base such as one of the lounge occasional-tables, inverted, lined with hay and banked with hot-water bottles to serve as foster-mother. You will need also to keep the hearth strewn with ashes for bathing purposes. Plate-racks, the tops of book-shelves and cabinets, hat-stands and your kitchen clothes-pulley will all make admirable roosting-places, but I would leave nesting arrangements until later when you will have had an opportunity to study your birds' marked preferences among the furnishings.

As time goes on you should find your days packed full of incident; and think of the fun and excitement of never knowing, when you sit down, whether you are going to come upon an egg under the cushion!

* * * * *

Q. My husband, always a keen sportsman, refuses to go to his cricket club this year as he lost his trousers in the laundry last September (flannels), and has no coupons. He says it is un-English to play games in anything but the correct costume. What do you think?

E. O'D. LAMPLOUGH-LUMB.

A. If he feels like that, he might take up poker, which requires no special trousers. This is played in shirt-sleeves, the hat being worn well on the back of the head and the waistcoat unbuttoned. While it is customary also to take off the tie, there are no fixed rules about removing the boots, though you might frequently find it done among experts.

* * * * *

Q. Can you tell us what the post-war novel is likely to be like? Addressing a literary meeting of the Prior's Pushcart Ladies' Study Circle, Professor W. V. S. Dibble-Bisbee said that in his opinion novelists of the past had been too conservative to draw upon those great untapped resources of fiction which he hoped soon to see exploited to the full. Though this seemed clear enough at the time, some of us have felt since that we are not perfectly certain as to his meaning.

(Miss) ZENOBIA KIDDIE.

A. He probably meant that he could not recall a single work of fiction in which the action had not centred around *human beings*. Human beings

are all very well in their way, but I certainly am looking forward to some gripping best-sellers of the future dealing with, say, the emotional life of a fern or the delicate interplay between a motor-car clutch and gear, or some powerful trilogy based upon the age-old conflict between the pancreatic juices. I do feel too that writers have hitherto been inclined to ignore whole cross-sections of society in their selection of characters. Where, for instance, is the novel in which the "hero" is either a weaver's tacker or a pursuivant of the College of Heraldry? The day is approaching, however, when furniture-removers, plate-layers, makers of carnival novelties, works' time-keepers, egg-sorters, trick cyclists, wheel-tappers and Yorkshire Relish tasters will, every one of them, come into their own.

* * * * *

Q. My brother, one of an advanced art-loving set, left in my keeping before embarking for the Middle East a painting which he hoped to get exhibited. We now hear that it has been accepted by the Gaga Galleries, but, try as I may, I cannot think what Stacey told me it was to be called, and the exhibition opens early next month. Could you possibly suggest a title? The picture is really a former bath-mat of Grandma's (this, I believe, is not uncommon in arty circles) and shows a sort of blitzed dust-pan with some spring onions growing out of it, standing on top of a kneeling cleric of some kind who appears to be blowing into a bicycle-pump. In the background is what I think must be a large slice of coconut cake. The prevailing tone is shrimp-pink.

SISTER OF GENIUS.

A. Either *Tulip Time*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *Mungo Park's Last Voyage*, or *Portrait of a Lady with Khaki Knees* would be appropriate.

o o

Without Prejudice

From Statutory Rules and Orders, No. 768: "Without prejudice to the generality of the provisions contained in Articles 3, 4 and 5 of this Order, any direction may be given under any of those Articles in respect of any controlled product, or of any class, description or grade thereof, prohibiting its disposal, treatment, use or blending by producers, blenders or merchants generally or by any class or description of producers, blenders or merchants or by any producer, blender or merchant to whom such direction is addressed; or specifying as regards producers, blenders or merchants generally or any class or description of producers, blenders or merchants or any producer, blender or merchant to whom such direction is addressed."

Podgy's Braces

"I'VE got ma braces on noo," announced young Podgy McSumph, who had arrived to accompany me on a morning stroll.

"Your first real braces, Podgy," I exclaimed, knowing that hitherto he had had to put up with a makeshift arrangement devised by his mother.

"Look—they're red yins," pulling up his jersey. "The man in the shop said red braces was the fashion."

"They look splendid."

"I ken," said Podgy. "Hoo old was Nelson when he got his first braces?"

"Perhaps he would be about the same age as you are."

"An' whit colour would they be?"

"Perhaps they were blue because he was going to be a sailor."

"But red braces is the best braces. I bet ye Wellington's was red." He strutted across the floor puffing out his chest. "This is Wellington walkin' about the battle wi' his braces."

As we left the house a little girl with a very short skirt and a very red face rushed up to us and exclaimed breathlessly, "Are ye comin' oot to play wi' me after yer dinner, Podgy?"

"No, I'm no'," snapped Podgy, and marched on with his head in the air.

"Who was that?"

"It was that Maggie Stoorie. But I'm no' goin' to play wi' girls any more," he growled. "It's just big boys I'm goin' to play wi' noo."

The statue in front of the Town Hall caught his eye, and he expressed the opinion that Sir William Wallace must have had iron braces for his "troosers."

Getting slightly bored with Podgy's braces, I drew his attention to the barrage balloons floating above the two tramp steamers in the bay.

"Whit's keepin' them up?" he asked.

A pale-faced shabbily dressed little man hurried past us. He was carrying an awkward load consisting of a ladder and a large pail.

"It's Pug Roonie," said Podgy, "goin' to wash the windies. Pug," he called, "I've got on ma braces."

"Lucky for you, Podgy," replied Mr. Roonie over his shoulder. "I'm a' tied up wi' string."

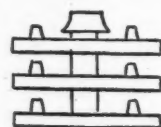
"Now, Podgy," I remonstrated, "what would your mother say if she heard you shouting after people in the street?"

"But hoo are they to ken I've got on ma braces?" retorted Podgy.

Shortly after that, however, we chanced upon a squad of soldiers who appeared to be making a trench, and Podgy immediately became absorbed in the fascinating sight. These hefty fellows, although they seemed to be rather up in years, were stripped to their shirts and trousers and digging with a furious tossing of picks and shovels that looked ominous.

"Maybe it's for a battle," murmured the gaping Podgy.

The sergeant-in-charge came forward. He was a brawny Cameron Highlander wearing the ribbon of the Mons Star.



J. Jackson



"Good mornin', Captain," he said, saluting Podgy. "Hoo are ye this mornin'?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Podgy. "Please, whit kind o' sodgers is these?"

"These," said the sergeant, "is pioneer sodgers."

"An' when is the war to be here?"

"I daren't for ma life tell ye that."

"But whit is the sodgers diggin' for?"

"That's a secret as weel," said the sergeant. "But, maybe—Noo, ye're no' to let on about this." He bent down. "They're diggin' holes," he whispered.

"I'll no' tell naeboddy," Podgy promised solemnly. "An' do they just get diggin'?" he asked. "Do they no' get fightin' anybody?"

"Like masel'," said the sergeant, "they're a wee bit auld for fightin'. I keep them maistly for diggin'."

"An' are they always diggin'?"

"These chaps," said the sergeant impressively, "if I didn't stop them for their meals would dig richt doon to Australia."

Podgy looked thoughtful. "An' could I get bein' one o' these kind o' sodgers?" he inquired.

"Noo, that," said the sergeant judiciously, "I think would be a mistake. Stout young chaps like you is wanted in the front line—for fightin'."

"But I would like to be one o' these kind o' sodgers," pleaded Podgy, his eyes fixed intently on the sweating pioneers.

"No," said the sergeant, shaking his head, "I'm sorry, but I doot I couldn't let ye join us. I want to see ye shoulderin' a gun an' workin' up to be a general."

"Quite right, sergeant," I said heartily. "Podgy must be a fighting soldier."

We resumed our walk, Podgy looking very disgruntled.

"What's worrying you now?" I asked.

"Ye said I wasn't to shout at the folk about ma braces," he grumbled.

"An' noo," giving me a reproachful look, "ye'll no' let me join the diggin' sodgers."

"But why do you want to do that?"

"Because if I was a diggin' sodger everybody would get seein' ma braces theirselves."

"Ah! So that's it?"

"Aye," said Podgy, "because diggin' sodgers gets goin' without their jackets."

D.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Embassy Soap

Delicately perfumed—smooth rich lather

PRICE 7d

PA 4/180

A. & F. PEARLS LTD., LONDON

"Tell me, doctor..."

... what are the important properties of an antiseptic for personal use?"

In the first place an antiseptic must kill germs. But, more than that, it must kill them without damaging the tissues they have invaded. It must be selective—able to tell a good germ from a bad one. An antiseptic for personal use must be non-toxic, non-corrosive, stable, and persistent in the presence of blood or pus:

and, for preference, agreeable in use.

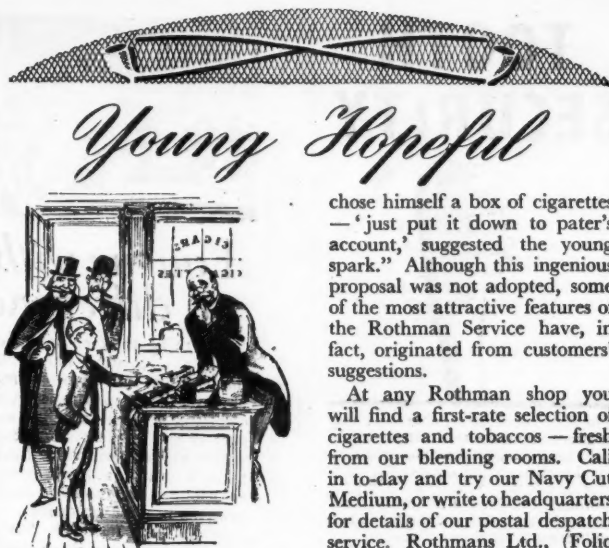
These are the properties of an antiseptic which medical science has anxiously sought since germs first came to be understood.

In the modern antiseptic 'Dettol' these qualities are united and combined: and today in our great hospitals and in private practice, doctors, surgeons and nurses use 'Dettol' to protect their patients, and themselves, from the menace of septic infection.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Trade Mark
Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.



Young Hopeful

Since these reminiscences began to appear, many readers have sent us charming letters in which they recall old associations with Rothmans. "What I remember most vividly," writes one, "is an incident of forty-nine years ago. I was in your shop when a fifteen-year-old schoolboy entered, mentioned that he was the son of a well-known colonel, and calmly

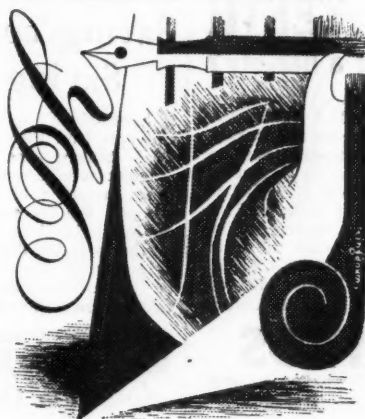
chose himself a box of cigarettes — 'just put it down to pater's account,' suggested the young spark." Although this ingenious proposal was not adopted, some of the most attractive features of the Rothman Service have, in fact, originated from customers' suggestions.

At any Rothman shop you will find a first-rate selection of cigarettes and tobaccos — fresh from our blending rooms. Call in to-day and try our Navy Cut Medium, or write to headquarters for details of our postal despatch service. Rothmans Ltd., (Folio H9), 5, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DUTY-FREE parcels to Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas (including India) —full particulars on request.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL

the best known tobacconist in the world



CHARACTER

The character of an organisation is accurately reflected in its products and its activities. To the experienced eye of the technician, the intrinsic quality of a Philips product is its own hall-mark; the non-technical public knows from long experience that the name of Philips is the sign manual of expert craftsmanship and unfailing service.

PHILIPS



INCANDESCENT AND DISCHARGE LAMPS • FLUORESCENT LIGHTING
RADIO RECEIVERS AND TRANSMITTERS • COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT
THERMIONIC VALVES AND OTHER DEVICES • X-RAY EQUIPMENT
FOR ALL PURPOSES • ELECTRO-MEDICAL APPARATUS • ARC AND
RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT AND ELECTRODES • MAGNETS AND
MAGNETIC DEVICES • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2. (125G)

TOOTH SECURITY



The forces of decay are always waiting to attack. And the teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Food particles which cling to the teeth provide a foothold for decay. Only by thorough brushing after every meal can we be sure that the enemy is not infiltrating through our defences.

This regular brushing is a precaution open to us all; but brushing, no matter how painstaking, with a toothbrush that because of its shape cannot possibly reach the entire surface of every tooth, is inefficient.

Tek is the one toothbrush scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to clean every part of every tooth.

Tek

MADE IN ENGLAND

BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5p
NYLON 1/8 Plus Purchase Tax 4p

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave T.10

FALSE TEETH

An asset or a liability?

Why be handicapped by a badly fitting denture which chafes the gums and causes pain and embarrassment? The trouble can so easily be put right by the use of KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE for making false teeth fit firmly. Also, to remove stains and food debris, brush the plate after meals with KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER, the method of cleaning which dentists advise.

KOLYNOS

DENTURE FIXATIVE
makes false teeth fit firmly,
1/3d & 3/3d.

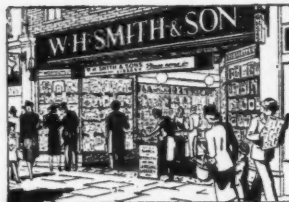
DENTURE POWDER
for cleaning artificial teeth,
1/3d per tin.

From all chemists

Barling
PIPE CRAFT



Manufactured entirely in London, Eng.
Take care of your Barling Pipe. Supplies are extremely limited, consequently difficult to obtain.
When available, prices are as follows:—
Standard S.S. S.M. L. E.L.
or Bandlart 10/6 12/6 14/6 20/-
Ye Olde Wood S.S. S.M. L. E.L.
clearly Selected Grains 15/6 18/6 21/6 25/-
Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra Large.
B. BARLING & SONS, EST. IN LONDON 1812.
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



A queue with a difference

The thing to keep in mind about a circulating library is that it is just that—a circulating library. The books in it must circulate in turn—another aspect of the queue system, but with the difference that without taking any unfair advantage over your fellows you can buy a place near the head of the queue.

In W. H. Smith & Son's Library there are three main services. At the head of the queue is the Preferential service, for those who want something more than normal circulating library service—who want, for the most part, only new books, more or less on demand. Next is the "A" service, which might be described as Smith's standard service, an all-round supply to meet all general needs. A high proportion of new books

is included. And then there is the "B" service, for the reader who is content with an abundant choice of books and who is not worried by the fact that they are not the latest books. The difference between the three is not at all a question of the merit or literary worth of the books provided, but solely one of "newness," the speed with which a new book becomes available to the subscriber.

A year's reading costs £2.3.0, £1 or 10/- for the Preferential, "A" or "B" services respectively. (Six months, three months, or one month at slightly higher proportionate rates.)

Each service provides unlimited reading. There is no restriction on the number of times a book may be exchanged; a fresh book can be had daily if necessary. There are exchange depots at nearly all W. H. Smith & Son's shops and many of their station bookstalls, and a postal service direct from the Head Office for those who cannot conveniently use any of the Company's Library branches. The Chief Librarian will be glad to be allowed to send you further details.



W. H. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE LONDON W.C.2

Saving coal— Saving labour

In hundreds of important industrial concerns Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Stokers are giving their efficient service and at the same time saving valuable coal and labour. We are concentrating on the industrial sizes and the supply of the popular domestic models is restricted. These will, however, be in full supply as soon as circumstances permit.

Iron Fireman

"FIRST AND FOREMOST"

Automatic Coal Stokers

Ashwell & Nesbit Limited
Barkby Road, Leicester

WARDONIA
BLADES
FOR BETTER SHAVES.
SOLD BY NAAFI.

ADJUSTEEL
SHELVING with the UNIT BASIS
for WORKS AND STORAGE EQUIPMENT
Send for Catalogue - P/820
CONSTRUCTORS
TYBURN RD. - EDINGTON
BIRMINGHAM 24

DOGS
always
PREFER
SPILLERS
SHAPES



ONE or two Meggeson's Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets after a meal will ensure complete stomach comfort.



STOP
★ STOMACH PAIN
★ INDIGESTION
★ HEARTBURN
★ ACIDITY

1/6d.
& 3/10d. including Tax

Sold by all qualified chemists.
MEGGESON & CO. LTD., LONDON, E.C.16

THE QUICK WAY TO END SKIN TROUBLES

If unsightly skin troubles worry you this is the simplest, quickest and most pleasant way to end them. Apply D.D.D. Prescription to the bad places and you will be delighted to see how soon your skin is healed, clear of every spot or blemish. This soothing antiseptic liquid is invaluable for first aid, welfare work in factories, for use on cuts, burns, scalds, insect-bites and slight wounds. From chemists everywhere, price 1/5 per bottle (U.K.).

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

THE MENACE OF MOTHS

MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY NOWADAYS

In the interests of national and personal economy, take immediate steps to protect your clothing, etc. with Mothaks.
MOTHAKS
REGD.
SAVE YOUR CLOTHES AND COUPONS
6½p
PER BAG OF 8 MOTHAKS SOLD EVERYWHERE

For your Silverware use only
"Goddard's"
Plate Powder
or
Liquid Plate Polish

IMITATIONS

and PLASTICS

It is a pity that when new materials come along there is always somebody who wants to make them look what they're not. You couldn't have anything much more satisfactory than the smooth finish and beautiful colour of many plastic articles, yet so often have there been attempts to make them look like walnut, mahogany, marble, or some other natural material. Some BEETLE mouldings have been described as "imitation ivory" simply because they are ivory in colour and are smooth and lustrous—you might just as well call anything black, "imitation jet."

All this is a pity because BEETLE is not an imitation or a substitute for anything—it is a modern material quite able to stand up for itself on its own merits. It has its limitations like everything else. It is much cheaper than the rare materials but more expensive than the common. Choose Plastics for the jobs they can do best, choose them for their own attractiveness and not because they can be made to look what they're not.



BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD • ONE ARCYLL STREET • LONDON W1

that scorched earth policy

It seems that farmers thought of the Scorched Earth idea long before it became a nuisance to Hitler. For clearing away coarse grass, bracken and many unpleasant disease-bringing insects there's nothing like a four-foot roaring flame from the Hauck Flame Gun. To vaporize the paraffin the inventors called in steel tubes to produce this

tortuous looking thing you see here. Being not only tube makers but tube manipulators as well, this job was child's play to the Talbot Stead Tube Co., but it meant another step forward in scientific husbandry. We, and our tubes, are always ready to burn up any new problems that you may care to present to us.



TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD.

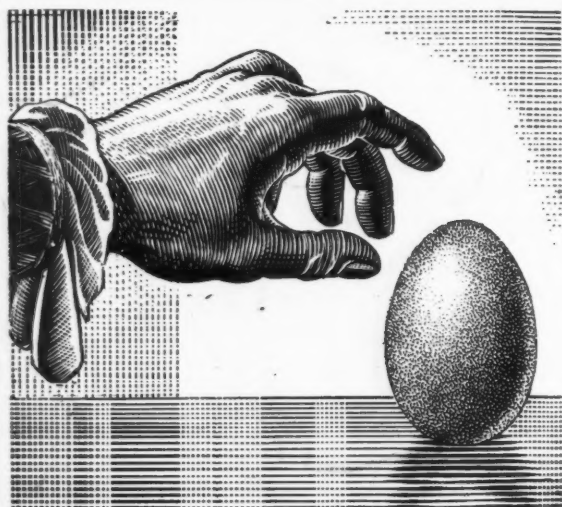
STEEL TUBES ADVISORY CENTRE • ASTON • BIRMINGHAM



IS HE THE BEE IN YOUR BONNET?

A 'whispering campaign' . . . that's the Squander Bug's method. He's artful and he's insidious. Always at your ear, whispering suggestions for spending. Don't listen to him! Buy Savings Certificates now, then you can use your money when stocks are plentiful again. Most important of all, you will be helping to win the war!

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!



Thus

THEY said it was impossible, but when Columbus deftly tapped the egg on the table it stood to attention like a good soldier.

Likewise it was long accepted as inevitable that engine oil in use must become progressively contaminated by acids and abrasives. But one day it occurred to an inventive mind to tackle the problem of surface wear from a new angle. The result was the Fram Oil and Engine Cleaner which purifies the oil while in circulation and trebles the life of the internal combustion engine.

Fram is therefore every inch an AEROCESSORY, revolutionary yet simple, economical yet conferring great benefit.

SIMMONDS

In high service to

AERONAUTICAL, INDUSTRIAL & MARINE
Construction

THE SIMMONDS NUT · PINNACLE NUT · SPIRE NUT
SIMMONDS INSTRUMENTS, CONTROLS AND
ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
FRAM OIL & ENGINE CLEANER

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LTD.
GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON

A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

P.18 LONDON MELBOURNE MONTREAL PARIS NEW YORK



*Jim's back from Essen
"Krupps," says he
"Are all that they're
cracked up to be"*

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

There are times—many times—when the R.A.F. ask just for a hot drink and a few biscuits. Which means that the R.A.F. need a lot of biscuits.

For all who have to fight or work hard and long, biscuits hit the target well and truly! Particularly Weston Biscuits.

All Weston Biscuits are good. The finest ingredients obtainable—the most modern methods of production—ensure it, always.

Weston Biscuits mean quality for your points and your pence—and quality is to-day more than ever the best policy when you are buying food.

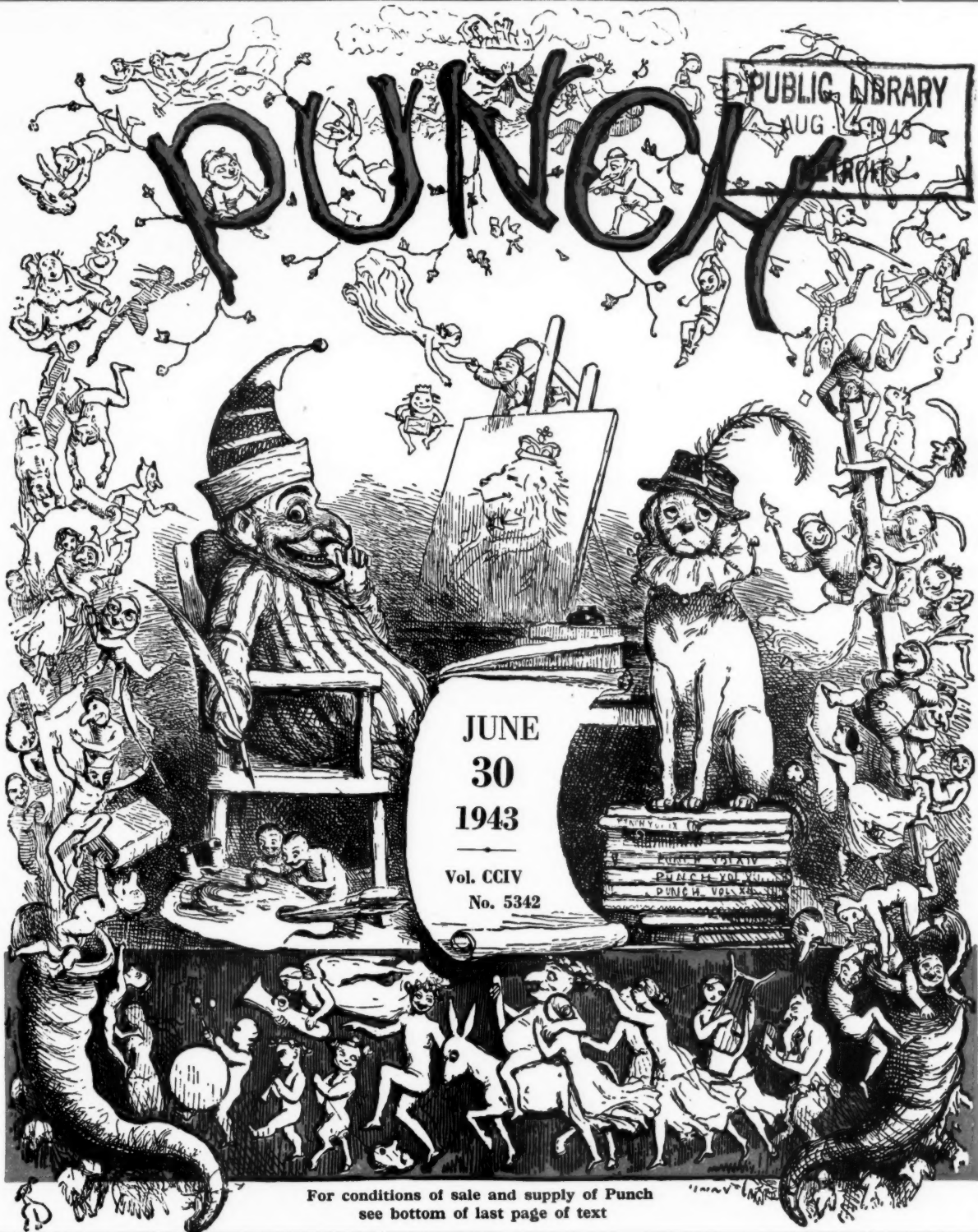
WESTON

Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

It's a War on Wheels — so go easy on your Tyres ★ **DUNLOP**

3H/109



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

"Triplex" — the safety glass
Regd

C & B

sure

you always insist on



SOUPS · GALANTINES

MEAT & FISH PASTES

BRANSTON PICKLE

BRANSTON SAUCE

SALAD CREAM

BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

*Famous Delicacies
Unexcelled since 1706*

STOW IT!

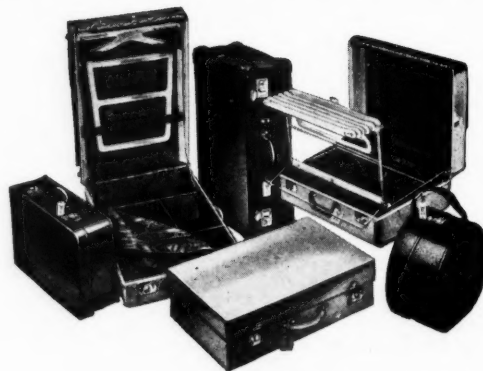


Mills one-inch tubular racks are suitable and adaptable for all storage purposes. Floor-space is saved and gangways kept clear—an essential for organised and increased production. Ask Mills to advise you on your storage problems.

MILLS STEEL SCAFFOLDING

MILLS SCAFFOLD CO., LTD., TRUSSLEY WORKS, HAMMERSMITH GROVE, LONDON, W.6
TELEPHONE: RIVERSIDE 5026

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS



IN the days of peace which lie ahead, ANTLER TRAVEL GOODS will again be available for all travellers in whom good taste and the appreciation of quality are instinctive.



*The World's
Best Luggage*

ANTLER TRAVEL GOODS

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM



Whether in business, school or household duties, the clock's the governing factor. Lucky for you if you have Ferranti time with which to synchronise your job—and keep it going.

FERRANTI
Clocks

In the very unlikely event of your Ferranti Clock requiring attention send it to the Clock Servicing Department, Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs.; experts will quickly see it going—and keep it going.

Now more than ever

BERMALINE
WHOLE WHEAT AND MALT Bread

White shoes are scarce—keep yours white with

BLANCO
WHITE CLEANER

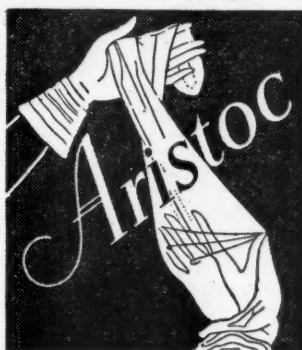


Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

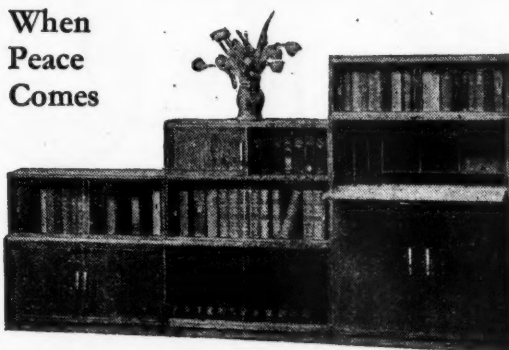
* **ARISTILE**
(Lisle)
* **RAYSTOC**
(Rayon)
* **UTILITY**
(Rayon & Lisle)

Supplies are limited. Fair shares are distributed to all ARISTOC dealers

* **AS GOOD AS WARTIME STOCKINGS CAN BE**



When Peace Comes



THE fine workmanship and materials of the requisite quality for making Minty Chairs and Sectional Bookcases are not available to-day. In any case, few of us have opportunity or leisure for their enjoyment, should we be so fortunate as already to possess them. Those peaceful hours of relaxation in the luxurious comfort of a Minty Chair; the thrill of housing a growing collection, section by section, in a handsome Minty Bookcase, are pleasures to look forward to. In the brighter future for which we strive, there will be material and time to spare for the making and enjoyment of Minty Furniture.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., when they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45, HIGH STREET, OXFORD

Sparklets
(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL



They seek it here
They seek it there
The seekers
seek it everywhere.
It's not arrived—
Or else it's gone!
That demmed
elusive Pimm's No. 1.

With apologies to the late Baroness Orczy—and to all the earnest seekers after

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP
The original Gin Sling

BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Balkan
Sobranie
and
Sobranie

The difference between *Balkan Sobranie* and *Sobranie* is the difference between rarest perfection—which you will be able to enjoy occasionally—and available quality which you can enjoy between whiles. Do not therefore blame your tobacconist when he offers you authentic *Sobranie* in place of *Balkan Sobranie*—he is doing his best and so are we.



Big land battle!

A record harvest is on the way, but women must help "bring it in". Here's healthy work that is vitally important. Turn to and lend a hand!

What do I do?

If I can only do local or part-time work, I apply to my county War Agricultural Committee for details of local harvest schemes.

If I am between 17 and 40, fit and strong and able to leave my home, I ask my Employment Exchange if I may join the Women's Land Army.

If I cannot do land work, I try to help by billeting or looking after land-workers.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Which is your flavourite?



Yorkshire Relish

THICK or THIN

New Controlled Prices:

THICK 11d. THIN 11d. & 1/3d.
Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds



The Follies of Fashion

Throughout history, man has shaved his head, bewigged it or grown a flowing mane. He has either attacked the growth on his chin and encouraged that on his upper lip, or vice versa—following the trend of fashion.

To-day, the more fortunate ones have the Rolls Razor to aid them, but unluckily, we are unable to supply any more until the days of peace return.

ROLLS RAZOR



Rolls Razor Ltd., London, England.

K.L.C.

Though K.L.C. Plugs have never been content to rest on their laurels the increasing momentum of war demands upon them has speeded up technical development more than ever. We are keeping pace with the vital needs of the Services and whatever calls are made upon them K.L.C. Plugs will continue to give exemplary service. This unstinted development will in the days of peace be of very real value to all users of petrol engines.

K.L.C. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., PUTNEY VALE, S.W.15.

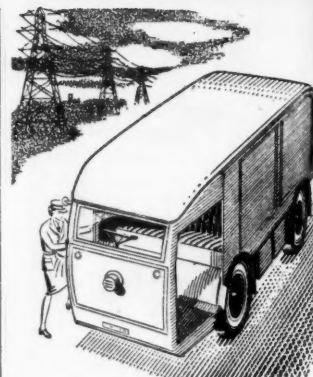
JOHN Wood's
ORIGINALLY
HAND CUT
NOW MACHINE CUT
VIRGINIA

1oz. 3/0½d.
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

JOHN WOOD & SON (Tobacco) LTD.
LONDON E.C.4
Established 1837

IT LASTS LONGER

For over 100 years, Wood's Virginia has been the choice of pipe-smokers who know. It's better, it's different . . . Your first pipeful will delightfully reveal just how and why.



Inter-works deliveries?

The one ton capacity "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

Use ELECTRIC VEHICLES

*Details from the Secretary,
The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain
Ltd. (Dept. P.3) 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.*

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

MANY DIFFERENT
UNIFORMS. . . .

BUT
STILL
THE
ONE
COLLAR

Never was man's dress so varied as in these war-time days of uniforms, but men still choose 'Van Heusen.' In 'Civvie Street,' too, men spend their coupons on 'Van Heusen' Collars which won their popularity by their good looks, comfort and long life.

"VAN HEUSEN"

Regd. Trade Mark

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Sole Manufacturers: Harding, Tilton & Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

SOLDIER in the BATTLE FOR FUEL

Baby wants your care and attention in wartime more than ever, for the strain and anxiety felt by the mother are reflected in the little one. So keep up baby's health and spirits and pay a little more for the best even in wartime.

©3220

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it"

"... to the time when we all made our barley water this way from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in tins. Well, now that Robinson's Barley Water in bottles has gone for the duration, Robinson's 'Patent' Barley steps into the breach, so to speak, and helps you to keep up the good habit of drinking barley water regularly. Try it; it's as easy to make as a cup of tea. Flavouring? Well, that is a bit of a problem. Some folk use lemonade powder, when they can get it. I use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit and find it very good. Honey and jam are also very pleasant alternatives."

Barley Water made from ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-15

GENTLEMEN... A TOAST!

*'To the
brighter days
when we
meet again.'*



Here's to the day when the last
'all-clear' sounds—to the day of
victory. Here's to the day when we
can again obtain the many things
we now miss—IDRIS Squashes not
least of all; IDRIS with its delicious

flavour, its refreshing wholesomeness
and superb quality. However big
thirsts may grow, no thirst will be so
deep that IDRIS cannot dispel it in
the piping days of peace to come.
Meanwhile

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



Service Shoes

The changeover from peace to war found 'SWAN' Shoes and 'HEALTH' Shoes adequately designed for either purpose, and although certain alterations to detail have been made to meet Service requirements, the shoes at heart remain the same. In other words the qualities which won your approval as a civilian, are still present in 'SWAN' and 'HEALTH' Service styles.

Men's and women's styles for all occasions.

Swan shoes  **Health shoes**

CROCKETT & JONES, Makers of Fine Shoes, NORTHAMPTON.

★ **Vitabuoy** Life - Saving
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau** Military & A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS

★ **M**UCH to our regret
we are unable to
manufacture any more
of these wonderful
coats. There are still
a few available in one
or two stores, and if
you will drop us a line
we will be glad to
tell you where you can
possibly buy one if you
act at once.

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone: BISHopsgate 6565

For Extra Smartness
the shoes of more
and more men in the
Allied Forces are
being polished with

NUGGET

BOOT POLISH

SUPREME for QUALITY



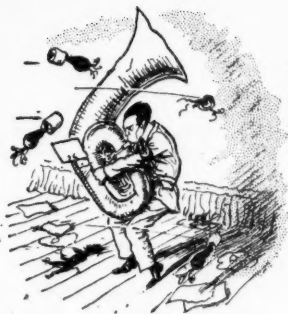
**IN BLACK, MILITARY TAN
& DARK BROWN.**

USE SPARINGLY- THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED



**Officer:
BELGIAN
MILITARY
POLICE...**

N/JQ



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5342

June 30 1943

Charivaria

THE 450 tons of railings that enclosed Hyde Park are now sixteen anti-aircraft guns. Birds will resume their old perches at their own risk.

In view of the serious damage to the Ruhr, Germany may decide to smelt Field-Marshal Goering.

An Italian who was once a waiter in Soho has been removed from his official post in the Fascist Party for lack of enthusiasm. We fancy we remember him. He was a Grey Shirt.



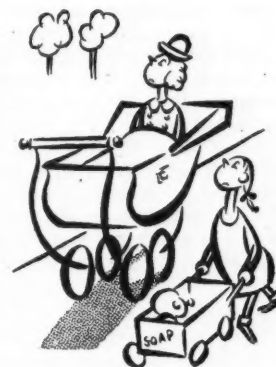
A masseur is writing his memoirs. We shall look for the volume in the Autumn Friction Lists.

Actors in London have a cricket club of their own. They continue to avoid short runs.

Famous film-players are seen buying their own rations of meat at Hollywood shops. From sheer force of habit they demand fat parts.

"Mussolini is now fighting on his own doorstep," says a newspaper. Italians wonder whether the R.A.F. will bother to knock or not.

A psychologist says that signs of conceit begin to develop in a baby at three years. Especially in the case of a child with a perambulator.



Stern Measures

"The Sanitary Surveyor reported that he had been able to obtain six bottles of rat poison, and that he was sending a bottle to the Chairman of the S— Parish Council."—*Devon Paper*.

"Will Hitler Declare War on Turkey?" asks a headline in an evening paper. It seems unlikely—he isn't half friendly enough with her yet.

An M.P. mentions the time when he had words with a Thames-side bargee. Doesn't he mean *from*?

It is reported on good authority that as soon as things get a little quieter in the Mediterranean, Italy will take a census of her islands.

Anglers are finding in one riverside district that there is a shortage of worms for bait. It is extraordinary to think of fish queuing up for customers.

A second line of defence has been begun on the borders of Germany. It is said that, despite the warmer weather, the third bastion protecting the Fuehrer himself was recently strengthened and he now wears a steel shirt with a heavier mesh.



An Each-Way Bet

"British and American officers may now attend 'language' classes at what used to be a London club.

Purpose of this school is to teach Americans the British tongue and British to the Americans."—*Reveille*.

A conjurer says he has great difficulty nowadays in obtaining rabbits and goldfish to produce from a hat. We should have thought that a capable conjurer would only need a hat.

The Thunder Cloud

NOBODY else seems to have noticed it. I don't know whether you observed as I did (but with duller gaze than I) a stop press paragraph printed in one of the evening papers that shook me, as I read it, even more than the motion of my petulant bus-top, as we passed by the Nelson Column. It ran:

TAX STAFFS WANT TO
JOIN T.U.C.

Inland Revenue Staff Federation conference to-day representing 27,000 members of Staffs in Income Tax offices passed resolution declaring time come for removal of ban on affiliation to T.U.C.

It was not, perhaps, very prettily worded, but the meaning of it, the portent, are plain. Permit me then to dream forward for a few moments into the darkness of the post-war world.

THIS PRECIOUS GEM

England is faced with another grave crisis. Unless the efforts of the newly-appointed Conciliation Board prevail before midnight to-morrow we shall be confronted with one of the darkest revolutions in our island history. A considerable section of the most determined operatives at Somerset House and at branches throughout the country, embittered to the point of desperation, will leave their ink-pots, will lay down their pens. There will be no more Income Tax. What has driven this hard-working class of the Civil Service to hold a pistol to the head of our national economy? Surely the difference can be accommodated. Reason and good sense are a part of our national heritage. We have weathered many a storm in the past by standing four-square to the tempest, and we cannot believe . . .

The Morning Monitor.

COME THE THREE CORNERS

Is it too late even now to hope that a spirit of compromise may soften the angry mood of the strikers in what is, after all, perhaps the most important of our national industries? The procession which wound along the Strand yesterday, marshalled by policemen and bearing banners inscribed with the words "Government Unfair to Tax-Gatherers," evoked many murmurs of sympathy from the multitudes assembled on the pavement. Their leader, a grey-haired man, his face lined with long devotion to his arduous labours, carrying in his hand a small attaché case marked O.H.M.S., aroused in particular the emotions of his fellow citizens. Income-tax collectors as a body are some of the finest and toughest members of the community, whether they work on the actual Form Face, in the Menacing Letter, in the Extravagant Assessment Departments, or in the Detection of Evasions Bureau.

If their demands are reasonable they should be met, and they can count on a large measure of public support behind them. If not, they should surely put patriotism before self-interest and return to their files. What, in effect, is the nature of their grievance? They do not ask for higher rates of pay. Their protest is against the avowed intention of the present Government to simplify the language of Schedule D and various portions of the Demand Notices, which have so long been a part of their life work, the secret of a skilled profession, which few but they can understand. The proposals of the

Government, they consider (and perhaps not unjustly), can only lead to a reduction of staff and consequent unemployment.

The dangerous spirit of unrest which has already communicated itself to the Sur-tax office may spread even beyond the Direct Taxation branches and involve the whole fabric of our Internal Revenue. Absenteeism has reared its ugly head in the Excise and Probate Departments, and several of the Death Duty officials, usually among the most cheerful and contented of the nation's workers, have been affected, often taking as much as an hour and a half off for lunch. Should the trouble go further we are menaced by the prospect of forgoing the customary duties on tobacco and beer. . . .—*The Daily Echo.*

Serious cases of sabotage, including the destruction of Final Demand Notices, are reported to-day. Pickets are intimidating loyal workers bent on returning to their posts. Elastic sleeve-suspenders have been broken, fountain pens have been torn forcibly from waistcoat pockets and trampled in the mud. . . .—*The Evening Flair.*

The impassioned plea of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to listen to the beating of the wings of the angel of peace cannot surely have fallen on deaf ears. . . .—*The Sentinel.*

Rioting still prevails. A platoon of Coldstream Guards has been ordered to patrol the Strand. . . .—*The Evening Blare.*

A photograph of a typical tax-collector working on a Buff Form Face will be found on page seven. . . .
The Daily Strip.

MINISTERS OF GRACE

A new Commission has been appointed consisting of chosen delegates from the Direct and Indirect Tax-payers' Unions, the Tax Evaders' Federation, officials of the Inland Revenue, the Sur-tax Guild, and representatives of Literature, Law, and the Association of Acrostic Solvers, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to investigate the terminology of Income-Tax forms. Is it too much to hope that the heart-rending spectacle of empty offices, idle schedules, and untouched inkpots . . .?

The Morning Monitor.

AND WE SHALL SHOCK THEM

An agreement has been reached at last on the question that has been threatening to divide our country as it has never been divided since the Civil War. Roughly the agreement entered into on the basis of a three-months' trial is as follows:

- (1) A slight clarification is to be made in the language of Schedule D and certain other clauses in certain other forms.
- (2) A larger issue is to be made of identical notices dispatched from different offices to the same taxpayer on the same day.
- (3) A new grade of observation officers is to be created to make house-to-house visitations and note the reactions of tax-payers to the new scheme.

Once again our country's genius for conciliation has triumphed. A thoroughly deserving class of workers have held their ground without damage to their prestige and without loss to the community. May it be a lesson to us all.—*The Daily Howl.*
EVOE.



INGRATITUDE

"I've served you for the best years of my life—are you going to desert me now?"



"Straight stripes? Oh, those are the fellows who run the Navy in peace-time."

Misleading Cases

Haddock v. Silkworm

MR. Justice Cheese, sitting without a jury, to-day gave judgment in this libel action. He said: This is a suit for damages for defamation brought by Mr. Albert Haddock, an author, against Mr. Andrew Silkworm, head of the well-known multiple stores.

The circumstances of the complaint are unusual. The defendants prominently exhibited a book by the plaintiff in the window of one of their stores in one of the principal streets of the Metropolis, the Strand. In the ordinary way most authors would be glad and grateful to have the attention of the public drawn to their works in such a place and manner. But the window in question was devoted to a praiseworthy display in aid of a "Salvage Drive" at that time being

conducted by the Ministry of Supply. It contained a great number of old tooth-paste containers and milk-bottle tops, a pile of rags, a heap of waste paper, and other objects designed to show the people how they can contribute to the Allied cause by salvaging and surrendering any waste matter suitable for the making of munitions of war. And in the middle of the window were placed five or six books as a kind of centre-piece to the entire display. One of these books was by George Eliot, another by Lord Lytton, one by M. André Maurois, one by an eighteenth-century philosopher, and two by Mr. Haddock and another modern author.

Not far off, in Trafalgar Square, the centre of the "Salvage Drive," bands were playing, flags flying, and public men from time to time were making speeches. Leaflets were distributed explaining in some detail the kind of scrap and waste matter the good citizens should surrender, to what

processes it would be subjected, and what sort of munitions of war it would make or help to make. Four milk-bottle tops, he was told, will make one cartridge-cap plug. Three comic papers make two 25-pounder shell cups. One daily newspaper makes three 25-pounder shell cups. And six old books make one mortar-shell carrier.

Waste paper, the leaflet continues—and it seems clear that old books surrendered as salvage fall into the category of waste paper—is sent to the pulping-mills, where it is thrown into a stream of hot water which carries it to the breaker-beater. This machine contains revolving knives which shred the paper and reduce it to a coarse brown pulp with a consistency like that of porridge. The pulp then passes on to the sand-trap channels, where dirt and grit are deposited—and so on.

Now, it will be at once conceded by any sensitive mind that an author is likely to feel pain at the thought of the children of his brain being torn

to pieces with revolving knives and reduced to a coarse brown pulp with a consistency like that of porridge. The assurance, however, that six of his books will go to the manufacture of one mortar-shell carrier and so contribute to the destruction of tyrants must be some comfort to any patriotic writer. Indeed, to do him justice, the plaintiff told the Court that, if that were all, he would no more shrink from a necessary sacrifice than the rest of his gallant fellow-countrymen; and he added that if the supply of mortar-shell carriers should ever fall behind the nation's requirements he would willingly write more books to make good the deficiency.

But that, he says—and there is a good deal of evidence to support him—is not quite all. There seems to be some confusion of purpose among His Majesty's Departments in the matter of books. The plaintiff told the Court that he himself has more than once been desired by persons in authority to make appeals to the public to give up books, not for the pulping-machine but for the entertainment and refreshment of our soldiers and sailors in distant parts; and special arrangements were made for the collection and distribution of such books. The supply of new books is sharply limited by the shortage of paper, and therefore any old book of good quality acquires a new importance. A simultaneous injunction to throw all old books into the dust-bin with the tooth-paste containers does suggest, at first sight, the presence of divided counsels among those who govern us, a suggestion which must always be wounding to "the loyal subject. And, as the plaintiff observed, if the needs of the nation demand the general destruction of old books it would surely be administratively simpler to requisition public libraries and second-hand book-shops *en bloc*. It is believed, for example, that there are many volumes at such institutions as the Bodleian Library and the British Museum whose "practical" value would be questioned by many.

We were glad, therefore, to hear the evidence of an official of the Ministry of Supply. He said that the policy of the Salvage authorities was not, in fact, the wholesale destruction of books. The books received are "sorted out" and those considered suitable are sent to the fighting forces and the Mercantile Marine. This process is called Book Recovery. Who makes the selection of books to survive and upon what grounds, or what proportion of the books surrendered go to the troops and what to the porridge-makers was by no means

clear. Some may think that a somewhat sinister form of Government censorship of thought has come into being; for what man is fitted to say what books are "suitable" for his fellow-men? And is there any reason to suppose that persons skilled in the general business of salvage have any special aptitude for literary criticism? Some may be of a narrow way of thought and condemn to the breaker-beater works of lively fancy like the plaintiff's; others, appointed to their posts without due examination of character, may despatch to our

When Winter Comes

WHEN Winter comes, and
come it must,
Our simple sailors put their trust
Not only in their daily tot
Of Navy rum to keep them hot,
Nor wholly in the morning gin
To hold the central heating in.
Though alcohol procures a glow
Does it rebuff the ice or snow?
Can artificial stimulants
Compete with heavy under-pants?
The answer's in the negative.
It's only woollen goods that give
Complete protection (which they
need)
To naval ratings (Nelson's breed).

So up, ye knitters! Up, and knit
A scarf, some gloves (and see they
fit),
Sea-boot stockings, helmets, too,
As long as they're in Navy blue.
But if you lack the wool, or skill,
Please write a largish cheque and
fill
It in to PUNCH'S COMFORTS
FUND;
Address it "Bouverie St., Lond-
on, E.C.4." And may we plead
That he gives twice, who gives
with speed?

innocent fighting men works which none of us would care to see them enjoy.

But these questions, say the plaintiff's counsel, are only the background of his case. For whether or not the Ministry's policy of Book Recovery be wisely conceived and carried out, *there is no mention of it in the defendants' window*. The books, including the plaintiff's, are not displayed there as examples of the kind of work which the citizen, however much he prizes them, should cheerfully surrender for the comfort of the fighting men. At least, if that is in the mind of

the defendants, it nowhere appears. They are displayed in the company of old rags and tooth-paste containers; they are displayed, according to him, as *ejusdem generis* with such articles; and the message, for any ordinary and reasonable citizen, must be that the plaintiff's book is fit only to be torn to pieces and converted into a brown porridge. The defendants, while they deny the innuendo, say that it is a compliment to any author in time of war to suggest that a book of his may make the sixth part of a mortar-shell container. The plaintiff replies that though that might be held a compliment by those who provided the paper and the binding, it would not add anything to his reputation as a writer. On the whole I think that he has sustained his case. If the defendants mean to say: "This is the sort of book you should give to the troops" they must say so clearly. What they have said, in effect, is: "This book is no better than an old tooth-paste container": and they must pay enormous damages.

A. P. H.

Reversal

ONCE the air over our cities was
a maze of sound
And the shadow of wings
Swept between England and the
summer sun:
Day after day, like darkness at noon-
day,
The shadow of wings passed over the
bruised ground
On fevered journeyings.
And nights of stars there were, when
every one
Seemed in eclipse, and unseen shapes
went by
To harry our homes (our hearts' loves)
and lay waste the land:
Night after night we lay
While the foe held the fastness of the
sky
And dealt destruction with his envious
hand.

And in this we have known
The courage of our kind
Against the enemy's fury;
It is sunk, not like a stone
In the deep pools of the mind,
But lodged in memory.

Is it this, then, that wakes
In the white summer night
That drones aloud with daring:
When the world's high roof shakes
Above the purposed flight
Of men at fierce far-faring? M. E. R.

Twopenny-Halfpenny British

I WENT through the door on the left and up the narrow wooden stairs, as directed, and found myself on a very small dark landing. One could see that the stairs went on upwards, but that was no concern of mine. Even without the help of the notice down below I should have known that the stamp-dealer would be on the first floor. Stamp-dealers always are. There is something respectable and straightforward about the first floor; higher up you get into the region of the bogus agencies.

There were three doors on the landing, so I opened the one in the middle. I have found this the only way. If you begin to wonder which door is the right one you lose heart after a while and go downstairs again without opening any of them. Take the one nearest the stairs, open it quickly with a jerk of the right arm and stand well back. Then if they throw knives you can watch them go by or deflect them through the gully with your umbrella as you feel inclined. The great thing is, when you find yourself on a dark landing, make up your mind to dominate the situation from the start.

On this occasion I got the right door second shot. In the first room I went into a small bald man was sewing austerity sand-bags. Having no need of them I stayed only long enough to dominate him and then left with some non-committal remark. If you get into the wrong room, the thing to do is to get out again. Say little or nothing, and go. Don't fool about with the paper-weight on the man's desk.

The stamp-dealer was busy dealing. He sat in his shirt-sleeves opposite a dark man of markedly Mediterranean extraction whose face was pitted all over with craters. I put him down as a Pantellarian. As for the stamp-dealer, you couldn't put him down at all, as I soon discovered.

They were discussing a single stamp, also of foreign extraction, which lay in a special transparent envelope before them. I think the dealer had just offered five hundred for it and the Pantellarian had told him he had dropped in to do business, not to borrow small change for a phone call. Sooner or later one of them would say "Make it guineas," and the deed would be done. They had that air about them. None the less, to get rid of me I suppose, the dealer broke off the negotiations and spared me a glance.

"Yes?" he said.

I waved a deprecatory hand. "My business isn't of great importance," I said.

In a twinkling he had hustled the Pantellarian out through one door and pushed his typist through another.

"Now," he said. "You buy, or sell?"

"I buy," I said.

"So. You come from Lisbon?"

"No," I said. "I come from Hinchley Wood."

He seemed surprised at that, though I don't know why. A man doesn't have to come all the way from Lisbon to buy stamps. I began to point this out to the dealer, but he interrupted me.

"Your bona fides?" he snapped.

This nettled me. I am an even-tempered person, slow to anger, but I do not greatly care about being snapped at by philatelists.

"Listen," I said. "I want to start my small son off on a collection. He's got a one-cent Canadian and eighty-six used 2½d. British, but not much else. Do you sell?"

His face fell. He had a perforated look. He reminded me irresistibly of a used 2½d. British.

"You said your business was important," he said at last.

I never argue with dealers. "I have stated my business," I said austere; "if you are prepared to deal, deal. Otherwise I will bid you good-day."

For answer he reached an arm into a cupboard and flipped a large envelope full of stamps on the table.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Twenty-seven and six," he said.

"Come, come," I cried. "I want to help my son start his collection, not finish it."

"Two shillings," he said, not without loathing, tossing a very much smaller envelope in front of me.

"I buy," I said, picking it up. "What are they?"

"Fifty colonies," he said.

I peered through the transparent cover and made out, on a brownish sort of stamp, the word EGYPT. Quite a surprise for King Farouk to find himself in that packet, as I pointed out to the dealer. But he didn't seem to care.

"Do you include the United States as well?" I asked. "After all, there's nothing like opening up old wounds."

He didn't seem to care about that either.

I handed him a pound note to signify that the preliminary negotiations were over.

"Nothing smaller?" he said, offensive to the last.

"Certainly not."

The typist, called in to assist, had nothing smaller either. Nor had the Pantellarian. We were a well-to-do lot.

"Well—" said the dealer, and for a moment I feared he was about to offer to give me my change in stamps. But he said nothing more. Indeed, he seemed to lose interest in the deal altogether.

"All right," I said suddenly, hating it all, "keep your fifty colonies. Or better still, ask your friend here to give them to Mussolini. He's short of them, I'm told."

I went out then. When you have said something good always go away at once. If you don't, the other man may say something better, which means you have got to hang about thinking up something better still. I have wasted over an hour before now swapping clever things with some tiresome character; and neither of us a penny the better off at the end of it.

Just as I reached the ground floor I heard the dealer's insolent voice telling me quite unnecessarily to be careful of the stairs in the dark. I couldn't very well have been more careful of them. Six of them I never touched at all.

H. F. E.

In One Minute, the News . . .

DRIVE carefully, both here and when abroad; Your tyres are not like love, which lasts for ay (At least it should do, even if you are wedded); And, ladies of the wheel, remember, pray, That, though young love's paths cannot be retrod, Tyres, if not too far gone, can be retreaded.

J. B. N.

Symptom

From an official pamphlet, "Health Memoranda for British Soldiers in the Tropics."

"Rabies is a disease which chiefly affects dogs and jackals. The signs of rabies in a dog may be very indefinite, but if any of the following are noticed the dog should be tied up and medical or veterinary advice sought.

1. A short illness ending in death."

The Belt

"I WONDER," said Lieutenant Sympton after lunch the other day, "if you would mind keeping watch on the sergeants' mess, and if the Quartermaster comes out keep him talking until I have a chance to make a getaway."

Without waiting for an answer he dashed away in the direction of the large tent where the C.Q.M.S. keeps his stores. Presently the C.Q.M.S. came out of the sergeants' mess, and I button-holed him and talked about Refuse Disposal, which is his pet subject. I managed to keep him with his back to the store, and presently I saw Sympton emerge in a shame-faced sort of way with a sack over his shoulder, hare across the parade ground, and disappear into our own tent.

With a final succinct summing-up of Egyptian sewage wagons I bid the C.Q.M.S. farewell and followed Sympton. I asked him what he had stolen from the C.Q.M.S. Store, and why.

"It's perfectly simple," he said, "and it might have happened to anybody. You know that Corporal Kaloli Damundawa is on guard outside the Ministry of Assorted Objects in Cairo?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, in the course of my duty two nights ago I visited them, and Private Bau Bayakapeesi turned out without a belt. Naturally I ticked him off in my best Swahili, but he said that the belt was broken, and produced it. It proved to have come unstitched at the end, where the two bits join together round one's middle. So, in a weak moment, I said I would take it back to camp and change it, which I did. Yesterday morning I gave Bau Bayakapeesi a brand-new belt, and he was delighted. I may say that it took me half an hour to wring it out of the C.Q.M.S., who said that Bau Bayakapeesi should have sewn up the old belt instead of asking for a new one."

"Quite," I said.

"Well, when I went to visit the Guard last night Corporal Kaloli Damundawa and all his men, except Bau Bayakapeesi, paraded for inspection without belts. 'Where are your belts?' I asked sternly. 'Alas!' said Corporal Kaloli, 'the strain of our hard work has been too much for them. They have all come unsewn. If you will change them for new ones all will be well.' And he handed me all the old belts in a sack."

"I'm not at all surprised," I told



Sympton. "Our East Africans are not a greedy lot as a rule, but if one man gets anything new, they all want it."

"Exactly," said Sympton. "I am aware of that regrettable tendency, but naturally I could not countenance it. Obviously they had deliberately unsewn all their belts, and I told them so. Corporal Kaloli became very indignant, but said that if I liked to give each man back his own belt they would sew them up again. Then he relapsed into a moody silence."

Sympton relapsed into something of a moody silence himself at this point.

"Anybody would have thought," he resumed, "that it was a perfectly simple matter to give back six belts to six men. But it was not. Each of the

men, when I tried to give him a belt, said that it belonged to somebody else, and when I tried to give it to the man he indicated he just laughed scornfully and said that unless he could get his own belt back he would have a new one, and when I asked him to pick out his own belt he said it was not there. So in the end I decided to get new belts for all of them, and naturally I preferred to negotiate with the native storeman rather than with the C.Q.M.S. Thanks, by the way, for keeping the C.Q.M.S. at bay. And I hope you won't mind my telling the native storeman that the belts were for you. I hinted that you had got into a tangle of promises with one of your sections owing to your limited knowledge of Swahili."

H. J. Talking

OUR pianola once gave me the idea of extending the principle to other musical instruments. I invented in rapid succession a harpola, a drumola and a double-bassola, but at the first public performance of the drumola gravelled is what I was by the lack of compositions written for the instrument. I was finally driven back on a Central African dithyramb which had been broadcast successfully in the Congo. When written down in words it came more or less to this:

"The late husband of my present wife
Was a famous slayer of elephants,
Nor was he to be despised
As a witty and amusing companion;
But for all his accomplishments, varied as they were,
He was unable to avoid my little blow-pipe,
With which I acquired, at a single puff,
Several cattle, much prestige and the indomitable lady
Who is now stirring a small pot by my side
And at intervals giving vent
To sounds expressive of satisfaction."

My addition to the possibilities of music-making in the home led me into an interesting association with The League of Small Housewives. This was an organization to defend the interests of such against those making their nests in the stately homes of England. While duchesses agitated for large carpets, the League fought for small ones. Pressure was put on writers of manuals of etiquette to adapt them for use in flats and bungalows, cutting out instructions on how to lead your partner up and down the

stairs and how to tip butlers, and substituting what to do if there were two spoons for three people. The L.O.S.H. was always ready to take up any progressive cause, and at various times had supported movements for teaching clock-making in schools, banning fiction from public libraries and sending telegrams in Esperanto to foreign powers advocating the use of English as an international language. The secretary was an enthusiastic opponent of caging birds and was always buying them to release, until trouble was caused by her acting thus towards some vultures at Ealing West.

My association with the League consisted of their giving me an address of congratulation which they made themselves by poker-work on a very large piece of wood. Its length was due to the fact that they had many arguments over it when in committee and decided to include all the amendments in full with the names of the proposers and seconders. Owing to its size and weight the actual handing over was difficult and finally it was done by proxy, four navvies hired by the society transferring it publicly to four hired by me.

One of the most interesting things a scientist has to deal with is a tendency for things to change colour suddenly in the middle of an experiment. This of course is mainly noticed by chemists, but occasionally the biologist also has his reward. I once, for example, produced a most striking effect when I succeeded, after great difficulty, in infecting a chameleon with jaundice. Blushing can produce many curious tints, though there are serious obstacles to producing this experimentally. Lost to all sense of shame is what tortoisoes, for instance, seem to be.

One of my best by-products was a very brightly coloured gas, and by liberating large clouds of this I gave my neighbours the impression of living in a completely blue world, an experience I should have thought interesting and character-forming in the extreme. Unfortunately they got into their minds that I was doing it as propaganda for the Conservative Party, and when, to convince them of my impartiality, I produced a red gas, it had the unfortunate property of eating its way through plate-glass and thus lowering the value of windows. The local Labour Party considered I was doing damage to their cause and tried to obtain an injunction against me, while the Liberal Party offered me a large bribe not to extend my experiments to yellow. To end the matter by establishing my bona fides, I produced a completely colourless gas which smelt, to my dismay, of primroses.

B. Smith has recently bought a toy which tells your fortune. You spin a knob and out shoots a little card which is printed by a special printing machine inside. Immediately he got it he took it to pieces and put it together again, and this seems to have had the effect on it of a moral shock, because the first three cards he got out of it said:

- (1) You are about to cross the sea, but don't forget extradition.
- (2) Beware of a man with a squint; he is the police.
- (3) You are going to meet a dark woman: Heaven help her.

Anticlimax

"Fully Licensed Bar adjacent to Pavilion—Minerals only."

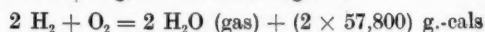
Concert Programme.



"All right, you two, you can come out now—I can see you perfectly."

Atoms Wha Hae

WHEN I took up Dr. John Read's little book in the Pelican series on *Explosives* I did not expect to be troubled by much more than an intermittent imaginary bang. True, when I first opened it and caught sight of the section on "How to Write Thermochemical Equations" I could not help noticing, only four lines below that sub-heading, the serrated edges of



but I was reasonably confident of my ability to glide smoothly over that when it cropped up.

However, beginning at page one—I should say, at page eleven—I found to my dismay that Dr. Read was determined that I should start by understanding chemistry. This in itself is a not unreasonable aim; but the point is that, on the assumption that I, like so many other people, find ideas expressed in personalities the easiest to grasp, he sets out to teach us the chemistry of explosives by means of the personification of atoms.

And my word, this lets us in for something. The idea in particular of one atom of chlorine's being greeted by another—of *chlorine*—with the ejaculation "Hail, fellow, well met!" (a pretty scene Dr. Read imagines on page twenty-three) seems questionable in the extreme. The trouble with personification is that it can't go on in a vacuum: the personified idea, or object (if an atom is an object), comes trailing clouds of dubiously relevant if not indeed profoundly unwelcome associations.

The chlorine atom whose bonhomie I have been venturing to doubt is also credited by Dr. Read with preferences: "alternatively," he says, "it may prefer to greet an atom of hydrogen, thereby giving rise to a molecule of hydrogen chloride" and recalling to my mind the fable of the spider and the fly.

The most impressive of these atomic social encounters is also the first described in the book. Hardly has Dr. Read laid his cards on the table by suggesting that we envisage the hydrogen atom as "a diminutive being possessing one hand" when he proceeds, not only to explain that "When two such atomic individuals meet, they clasp hands and remain in an attitude of permanent greeting," but also to imply that one, or possibly even both in chorus, chant or chants the lines—

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

In other words, hydrogen atoms are familiar with a stanza of "Auld Lang Syne" that is unknown even to most people who can remember the third (or for that matter the second) stanza of "God Save the King." I cannot help wondering what kind of a Scottish accent they put up.

As for the oxygen atom, that has "twice the combining—or hand-shaking—capacity of the hydrogen atom." "When it clasps an atom of hydrogen with each hand it forms a molecule of steam."

I can imagine. And I suppose at the very least they speak Gaelic (like two Aran Islanders meeting in a Turkish bath).

Do not, however, be so hasty as to imagine that the oxygen atom with its two eager outstretched hands is the life and soul of the party. The nitrogen atom offers *three* hands to hydrogen atoms. But it "holds two other hands in reserve," whereas the carbon atom, though possessing apparently only four hands, extends all of them to



"What exactly is the correct procedure in regard to a fire started by one of our own cigarette-ends?"

everybody. In carbon compounds perhaps the atoms sing a four-part rendering of "Sweet Adeline" in Erse. . . . At any rate when a number of carbon atoms join hands and form a chain, and then (by the linking-up of the two ends of the chain) a ring, they may be depicted (says Dr. Read) "as dancing in gay abandon round a molecular mulberry bush." This definitely stamps carbon as better though possibly more exhausting company than nitrogen, which "enters into chemical combination only with great reluctance, and retires from such distasteful gregariousness into 'splendid isolation' at the first opportunity."

But it is a bit distracting to have the ideas of gaiety and abandon—*abandon*—connected with things of which the behaviour is (this I take, after all, to be the whole idea of explosives) essentially predictable. For nitrogen does bring us to explosives at last: it is on nitrogen (says Dr. Read) that most explosives depend for their existence.

Remember nevertheless that we are still in the department of Free Association. We now come to a region tufted, or plastered, with *cheques*.

Cheques. Exactly when they are signed, and in ink of what colour, and whether there are any blots, I don't know: but in two examples we are specifically given the signatories are toluene, which crosses its cheque "payable only in an oxygen-containing atmosphere" (possibly adding "& Co.," by kind permission of Mr. Dornford Yates) and is therefore characterized as "cautious," and trinitrotoluene, or TNT, which because it signs an open cheque is called "impulsive."

Here at last, I am happy to say, Dr. Read turns in an adjective with which I unreservedly and without any hesitation agree.

Speaking of trinitrotoluene—it makes a nice crisp note on which to end, don't you think?—Dr. Read casually observes that there is far more energy stored up in a pound of butter than in a pound of TNT. Think of that next time you have indigestion after breakfast. R. M.



"Hard luck, Uncle! I'm afraid you've taxied into the drink!"

Insomnia

THE window of the nursery was open so that from my deck-chair on the lawn I could hear Miss Lippincott's mellifluous recital as she sought to put Master John William to sleep.

"Pussy's gone to bye-bye and all the baa-lams have gone to bye-bye," she cooed. "Piggy Porker's gone to bye-bye and all the moo-cows have gone to bye-bye. Little Dorothy has gone to bye-bye and Michael Brewster's gone to bye-bye. All the birdies are sleepy bye-byes and all the flieses have gone to bye-bye. . . ."

Miss Lippincott's voice was urgent and impressive. The rhythm of her phrasing emphasized the importunity of her message. Like Master John William I felt rather guilty to be awake when so much around me was asleep. I dozed.

For twenty years I had suffered from insomnia. I had tried everything. My bedroom is full of useless remedial

apparatus. On the ceiling there is a thick black arrow pointing to geographic north. Years ago I believed that a person lying longitudinally would be rendered unconscious if the centrifugal force engendered by the earth's rotation were allowed to drain the brain of its blood-stream. From the day of my disillusionment I have never read a single line of the *Daily Echo*.

Other so-called remedies that I have tried include:

(1) Counting sheep. My last effort ended with a nervous breakdown when I had accumulated 6,723 Leicesters, 5,042 Romneys (251 suffering from foot-and-mouth disease), 3,841 Merinos and 731 black-faced Cheviots.

(2) "Poor robin-ism"—putting the head under the wing (bed-clothes) to induce a state of asphyxia by carbon-dioxide poisoning.

(3) Listening to gramophone records of one of my own lectures. This method proved abortive since I soon developed

the habit of "cutting" my own lectures.

(4) Reading the celebrated soporific lines of Tennyson:

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down
from the blissful skies.

My failure with this method was due to my unfortunate tendency to sibilate rather heavily. Whenever I recited the lines a policeman would break into the house to turn off the gas at the main.

That is my history. And now mere chance has taught me how to recapture the peaceful sleep of my childhood. I do not of course employ the same *dramatis personæ* as Miss Lippincott. There are no moo-cows and birdies in my bedtime story. I just say to myself "Goebbels is not asleep, Goering is not asleep, Ribbentrop is not asleep, Mussolini is not asleep. . . ." I have never yet got as far as Hitler.



CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ

"Good luck, Sir! After all, it isn't every Field-Marshal who carries a Viceroy's bâton in his knapsack."

At the Revivals

"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL"
(REGENT'S PARK)

"THE TEMPEST" (FINCHLEY)

"THE JUDGEMENT OF DR. JOHNSON"
(ARTS)

MR. BRIDIE's dramatizations of the Apocrypha suit open-air performance quite as well as some Shakespeare and better than most. The revival of *Tobias and the Angel* at Regent's Park is a pleasure to watch. The evening is heavy with the perfume of the late June roses. Brightness falls from the air, and a late finch twitters in the garden-croft (if Nashe, Henley, Keats, and the Weather Clerk are all agreeable). In these circumstances it is easy and pleasing to watch once again *Tobias's* journey from Nineveh to Ecbatana in the company of the *Archangel Raphael*, his marriage with the rich Jew's daughter, his confounding of the demon *Asmodey*, and his joyous reunion with his aged parents.

It is all written in such delectably lucid, such untiresomely whimsical prose. In the printed version Mr. BRIDIE has a note about his dialogue which really ought to be printed in the programme of every revival. Authors are always either illuminating or amusing or both about their own style, and Mr. BRIDIE—an exception to most rules—is no exception to this one. "One or two liberties have been taken with the text," he tells us. "The language spoken by the characters has been altered from a rather portentous Jacobean phraseology to a speech belonging to no particular period—a speech that might equally have been used by a pupil of Swift or an apostle of Arnold Bennett. . . . I thought it necessary, too, that an Archangel, for whom time had no objective reality, should be a thorough Modern. He has, therefore, stolen a little from a vague recollection of Plato's dialogues. Apart from this, his detachment, his dignity and his peculiar sense of humour are all to be found in the original."

This fully sanctions the Angel quoting Dryden or Pope, and explaining to *Sarah* that she has fallen in love

"only in a Pickwickian sense." But what fun to hear him do such things, even without the explanations! In the Park revival Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON, though he has neither Mr. AINLEY's majestic trick of looking eight feet high nor Mr. ROBERT EDDISON's natural gift of looking as though Piero della Francesca had painted him, has yet a patient languor all his own. It conforms with the part to admiration. Mr. MILO SPERBER, too, gives *Tobias* his own odd kind of charm. Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM is a capital *Tobit*, and Miss PATRICIA HICKS is—as a certain foolish knight would say in another of

sward to ask her father what all the din portends, the play recasts its peculiar spell and holds us entranced when it is as well done as here. Mr. ATKINS shrewdly plays *Caliban* himself, convinced at last—since he has often been told so—that he is the best of our time, the only monster to attain the pathos as well as the uncouthness. And the same actor-producer has been shrewd again in finding a new young actress of striking beauty, grace, and promise, Miss HELEN CHERRY, to play both *Miranda* and *Rosalind*. Her *Rosalind* is stated on good authority to be as heavenly as her *Miranda* is admired. If the journey could be called really necessary we should travel as far as Manchester (where this company is open-airing for the next three weeks) to see for ourselves. Mr. WILFRID WALTER's well-spoken *Prospero* is none the worse for looking almost bewilderingly like Mr. RAWSON's Angel in the other play. He has the same patiently bored air. But then no *Prospero* can possibly help looking a little bored at the sound of his own redundancies.

One has only to re-read Boswell on the encounter between John Wilkes and Dr. Johnson and then compare the scene in G. K. CHESTERTON's play to realize what a superior dramatist Boswell might have made. Do we mean superior to G.K.C.? We do. This play also has a note to its printed version which ought to find its way into the theatre-programme. It points out that "real remarks of Dr. Johnson are scattered among inferior parodies of him." The parodies are so little inferior that they keep us all guessing. But the play, for all its piety and wit, does not "come off." Its personages never settle down to be "quite frank and easy" among themselves, as Johnson and Wilkes did on that famous occasion. The play's frame—a fictitious episode of how Johnson dealt with two Republican spies—does not hold the attention. The sketch of Boswell is grotesquely inadequate, Burke becomes a not particularly eloquent lay-figure, and Dr. Johnson, like Shakespeare, is far too large a character to be impersonated by a play-actor in a wig. A. D.



TOBIAS SHOWS HIS METAL.

A Bandit MR. RUSSELL HOWARTH
Tobias MR. MILO SPERBER
The Archangel Raphael MR. TRISTAN RAWSON

the plays they do on this sward—as pretty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria—or rather, in Ecbatana.

Mr. ROBERT ATKINS has a second open-air company this year, performing *The Tempest* and *As You Like It*. The other evening we went all the way to Avenue House Gardens in Finchley to see the former production. Let it be said at once that the march to Finchley was well rewarded. The first little scene of shipwreck which goes for very little in the theatre, goes for nothing at all in an arboreal park. It becomes merely some shouting out of a bush, to loud music. But once the admired *Miranda* steps on to the

The Phoney Phleet

XXIV—H.M.S. "Rake"

LIEUTENANT Dibbs, R.N.V.R.,
Inherited from his papa
The sum of several million quid.
He struggled staunchly to get rid
Of all he could, but, though the State
Was eager to co-operate,
He found, especially afloat,
He couldn't speed the parting note
At nearly a sufficient rate
To force a bridgehead, infiltrate
Or cope in any other way
With this excessive mass of pay.

His ship, a trawler called the *Rake*,
Could, at the very utmost, make
A doubtful seven knots, which meant
That other craft with whom she went
In company could see her off.
It hurt young Dibbs to hear them
scoff,
And, what with that and all his
dough,
The chap's morale was very low.

Invention is the child of need,
And *Rake's* unusual lack of speed
Turned out a blessing in disguise.
She figured in an exercise
In which an Admiral took part.
He seemed against them from the
start
And after being rude all day
He had Dibbs' trawler towed away.
This was the limit. Back in port
Dibbs blindly rushed ashore and bought
Some special turbines that he'd seen
Outside a hardware shop; they'd been
Most lavishly designed and built
In stainless steel and silver-gilt
For someone in Los Angeles.
(He'd thought a yacht or two might
please

Dolores Dolla; but of course
What she was after was divorce—
And that was that.) The hardware
man
Dispatched them in a plainish van
And fitted them at once; his charge
Was most encouragingly large
And Dibbs perceived a way at last
To make his cash, and *Rake*, go fast.

The rest was money for old rope:
He sank the Jerry's Great White
Hope
By ramming her at eighty knots
In all her vulnerable spots.
Before he made a second cruise
He bought the *Mauretania's* screws

And had his hull rebuilt in thin
But very hard duralumin.
This made him able to compete
Even with Eye-ties in retreat
And brought him in the D.S.O.
For sinking a Littorio.
Returning to the homely Huns,
He overhauled his vessel's guns,
And spent a useful little sum
On lining them with platinum.
Enlightened measures such as these
Produced a brace of D.S.C.s
And put five U-boats in the bag.

Where is the stunt without its snag,
The scheme completely buttoned up?
The sin of pride detached the cup
From Dibbs' protruding upper lip:
After the *Rake's* eleventh trip
(Which netted him an O.B.E.)
Dibbs asked the Flag to come and
see
What enterprise (and wealth) had
done.
He brought his Secretary, one
Whose mind was poisoned by the dregs
Of nameless orgies of King's Regs—

A ghoul in naval uniform
To whom departures from the norm
Were worse than bombs or dire
disease.
The gross irregularities
Which Dibbs had wrought upon the
Rake
Were so enormous as to make
This Pay Commander throw a fit
And (after he'd got over it)
To haul friend Dibbs before a Court.
The charges that that Pay-bob
brought
Ranged from the usual "... in that
he,
Etc.," down to Barratry,
Demurrage, Jetsam, Ullage and
Six others I don't understand.
But, as the findings pointed out,
You can't muck H.M. Ships about
Without permission from My Lords,
Or rope in Honours and Awards
Because you happen to be rich.
A very sound idea, with which
We democratic types concur
Or do we?
Mine's a double, sir.



"Where to, Jack?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Now this is what I call a ticket. No shredding, no rolling into small pellets, no mutilation . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Max Beerbohm and Lytton Strachey

By being seldom seen Sir MAX BEERBOHM, like Shakespeare's *Bolingbroke*, cannot stir but like a comet he is wondered at, and his rare appearances are graced by the same courtesy and humility that endeared *Bolingbroke* to the public. This tribute to a famous contemporary (*Lytton Strachey. The Rede Lecture, 1943. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1/6*) is not indeed an uninterrupted eulogy. Lytton Strachey, according to MAX BEERBOHM, was neither a great writer, nor a great man, nor very warm-hearted. He was repelled by strength of character, and practical sense and efficiency, and could not perceive grit even in men whose more delicate qualities won his approval. These demerits, baldly set down one after the other, might have made this tribute read almost like a disparagement; but prefaced as they are by MAX BEERBOHM's joyful recognition, when *Eminent Victorians* came out, of an ironist far superior to himself, and dropped here and there into passages of otherwise cordial praise, their total effect is trifling.

Though not a man of genius, Lytton Strachey was, MAX BEERBOHM says, an exquisite literary artist. "Genius is, by the nature of it, always in rather a hurry. Genius can't be bothered about perfection. Each of the four essays in *Eminent Victorians* was, as a work of art, perfect." Tolstoi rewrote *War and Peace* seven times; Beethoven, Milton, and Wordsworth were slow laborious workers, and it is generally accepted now that Shakespeare's greatest plays are revisions of earlier less satisfactory versions. The antithesis between the trivial perfection achieved by small artists and the hit-or-miss effects of more richly-endowed temperaments was popularized by G. K. Chesterton, who made it part of his case for Dickens against the aesthetes. One may, however, prefer Dickens to Ernest Dowson and yet regret that his system of writing his novels in monthly

instalments compelled him, as it compelled Dostoevsky, to sacrifice quality to quantity. Conversely, no amount of care devoted to the manner will produce a work of art if, as in Strachey's portrait of Dr. Arnold, which MAX BEERBOHM calls "definitely unfair," there is no imaginative understanding of the subject.

If assailable in its main argument, this tribute has many incidental touches which will delight those who believe the author of *Seven Men*, unhurried and unhurried though he is, to possess genius. One might be beginning a companion narrative to *Maltby and Braxton* when one reads: "English readers are ever instantly impressionable by Prime Ministers. Mr. Gladstone had made the fortune of *Robert Elsmere*. Quite recently Lord Baldwin did like service to the work of Mary Webb. In the meantime Mr. Asquith had set the name of Lytton Strachey on the lips of all men."

H. K.

The Dawn is Overcast.

One of the practical drawbacks to each man's working out his own creed is that ungovernable youth is apt to slip by in a series of abortive spiritual experiments; and if and when you succeed in making sense of yourself and your universe it is too late to apply your knowledge to your conduct. The habit of not taking ancestral wisdom into account may be courageous, but it is undeniably wasteful; and *The Serpent* (FABER, 8/6), in which the son of a dispossessed Highland crofter grows to be "The Philosopher" of a mildly derisive neighbourhood, is all the more depressing as a novel by reason of its savage inevitability. Reared by a heroic mother and a bigoted father to a point when a landless adolescent's exile to a town becomes imperative, *Tom Mathieson* returns from Glasgow with enough crude atheism to affront his parents' piety and enough commercial ambition to jar on the frugal contentment that only piety can sustain. This clash, coupled with *Tom's* blind passion for a local wanton, gets Mr. NEIL M. GUNN's luckless hero credited with two murders; and finally leaves him, stranded high beyond the tides of local life, after a span whose best moments have been "only the good hours of an age."

H. P. E.

High Jinks

Very good fun and very welcome fun is Mr. JOHN KENDALL's *Dum-Dum: His Book of Beasts* (HARRAP, 7/6). Anyone who happens to like animals will enjoy the understanding and characterization that flash out in his verses—the rhinoceros who "idly stirred his tiny caudal," and the petted Faurette who "looks down coldly between a sneer and a frown" on other less aristocratic and pampered dogs. It seems unnecessary to say that there is not a single set of verses in the whole forty-two that is not both funny and deft, and the parodies such as "The Threnody on a Polar Bear" that has for its ancestor Scott's "O listen, listen ladies gay" or the lovely lines beginning "Behold him single in the mart, a lone and solitary pig" are sheer delight. The contents of the book have been selected from Mr. KENDALL's previous books and from his many contributions to the pages of *Punch*, but they make so homogeneous a whole that one has the feeling that they must all have run or flown or trotted from their other accommodation, however good, when they heard of the opening of this most attractive new zoo.

B. E. S.

From Sea-Bed to Breakfast-Table

Averting one's gaze from a chaos of controlled fish—which leaves most housewives confronting a vacant slab or a still-life of marine museum-pieces and periwinkles,

one feels a nostalgic pleasure in reading Mr. MICHAEL GRAHAM's delightful book *The Fish Gate* (FABER, 10/6). Here you have not only the whole story of the English fishing industry—from the cradle to what (the writer avers) need not necessarily be the grave; but a marine biologist's wholly enjoyable picture of the underwater society on whose shifts and vagaries the whole business rests. From the sailing drifter to the trawler—both admirably recalled in a series of exceptionally good illustrations—the industry proceeds, like most other industries, from simple methods entailing excellent results and a modest livelihood to complex methods entailing poor results and (after a brief blaze of commercial glory) no livelihood at all. A typical climax sees the finest ships come home with the worst catch—half-a-holdful of Iceland cod, fourteen days old. The remedy lies mainly with the housewife, who should know what she wants and insist on getting it. But more might perhaps have been made of the discouragement of the hawker, who at least used to see that a glut at Billingsgate was the housewife's effective opportunity. H. P. E.

Justice, With Cap and Bells

On the jacket of *Tales From Two Pockets* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6) stands a jester holding the sword and scales of Justice. The designer has virtually reviewed the book. KAREL ČAPEK's mood in these unusual crime stories is one of benevolent scepticism. He asks, it seems, "What is crime?" and though he accepts a conventional answer his smile has aroused doubts in his audience. For nothing is single, plain, and distinct. Even murder may have extenuating circumstances, and when it has not it may still suggest to the observer many thoughts unconnected with pure justice. ČAPEK's way of effecting this is very simple, deceptively simple. The stories are nearly all given to some fictitious narrator, whose attitude is, though seldom itself the proper commentary, nevertheless enough to indicate the author's own position. Please do not imagine it is all serious or all squalid. ČAPEK's sympathy with men and women saves it from squalor, and his humour is as often charming as it is wry: these are crimes as Jacques or Feste might recount them. Behind the tales is Prague, not yet concerned with mass-murder, and the city and the land as a whole seem revived in these pages. Peasants and railwaymen, policemen and doctors, actors and servants and charlatans contrive in ČAPEK to keep their places in life. Crime touches life at many points, and it is characteristic of ČAPEK's mood that a certain grave scientific investigation should enable the Chemical Institute to boast of making the best rolls in Prague. J. S.

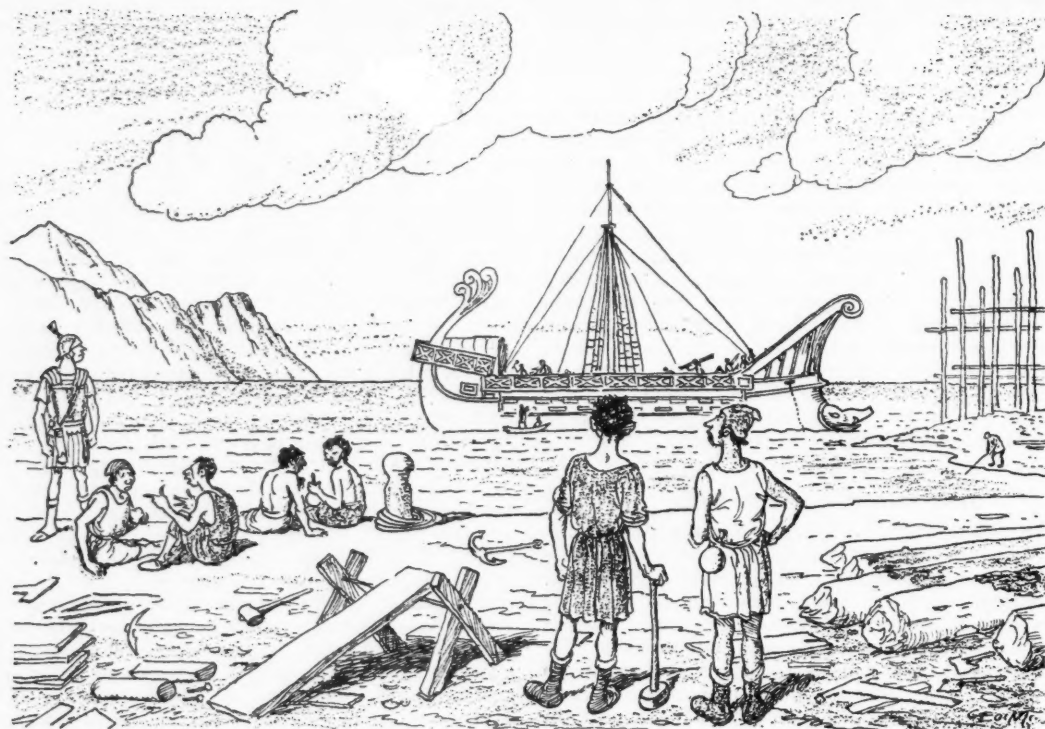
Japan in 1941

Expelled from Berlin after writing *They Wanted War*, an analysis of Nazi policy, Mr. OTTO TOLISCHUS was sent to Japan by his American paper at the beginning of 1941. Compared with Germany, Japan has been neglected by newspaper correspondents, but the author's account of his experiences there (*Tokyo Record*, HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6) is worth reading for its detachment and insight as well as for the relative novelty of its subject matter. Shortly after he reached Tokyo, Japan celebrated the two thousand six hundred and first anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire, and the speeches delivered on that occasion showed Mr. TOLISCHUS that the Japanese enjoy as an ancient inheritance an attitude to the rest of the world which the Nazis have been trying to manufacture in a few years. "Japanese Imperial Rule," the Home Minister said, "is an extension of Heaven. Dynasties created by men may

collapse, but the Heaven-created Throne is beyond men's power." There was a feeling in the air that the time had come to drive "the red-haired barbarians" out of the East, and the militarist party was conducting a campaign against the white races. A German woman was slapped in a tram, and the only white nation still regarded with any favour was the American, whose sports and films were popular among the younger Japanese. In April Matsuoka returned from his visit to Europe. Hitler, Mr. TOLISCHUS gathered, had been displeased by Matsuoka's languid response to his frenzied "England must be beaten!" but in July Matsuoka left office, and Japan began to mobilize all her resources for a general war. The ensuing expansion of the black market alarming the authorities, the Tokyo police tried "A Good Commercial Moods and Shady Transactions Prevention Week," and placarded the town with posters bearing such pleas as "Let the gracefulness of Japan be reflected in her commercial morals." In October the army took over the government, with Tojo as premier, and in the early morning of December 8th Pearl Harbour was attacked. A few hours later Mr. TOLISCHUS was arrested and subjected over some days to third-degree methods in the hope that he would admit to being a spy. He held out, and was finally, in June 1942, allowed to leave Japan for home. The Japanese, though formidable through their inbred indifference to death, seemed to him intellectually and spiritually at the same stage of development as children and savages. But Japanese women, he says, are altogether different from the men, "unique in tenderness and devotion," and he quotes a cosmopolitan Japanese who affirmed that the ideal life would be "an English country home in Switzerland, with a Chinese cook, a Japanese wife, and a French mistress." H. K.

Joyous Errand

"Imshi" was the nickname given to Acting Squadron-Leader ERNEST MITCHELSON MASON, D.F.C.: it is also the title of a book (W. H. ALLEN, 10/6) containing a fighting pilot's letters to his mother, written between June 1938, when he "arrived O.K." at Abu-Sueir, and December 1941. ALYS MYERS, who edits it, tells us that he used to say "When I'm famous I'll write my book." He wrote it unknowingly, and in the foreword Air Chief Marshal Sir ARTHUR LONGMORE, G.C.B., D.S.O., provides his obituary: "He will be remembered by those squadrons which mourn his loss yet inherit his spirit." There have been many books by many airmen, but this has a different value and should comfort as well as inspire because, besides being a record of most notable achievement, it is a young man's healthy excited account of hopes and ambitions. More important still, it sets death at a focus unknown to those who live further from it. He writes of a friend who was killed, "I don't see him as dead even though I know I will never see him." Describing the first time he looked death in the face, he writes, "I thought I was definitely going into the ground. I am delighted that it was just an ordinary experience. I felt extraordinarily calm and there was nothing alarming about it." One does not gather that he was a particularly seriously-minded young man, for his letters are full of dogs and poker, dances and fun, as well as fighting, though he sums up his philosophy in one letter. "I would like, of course, to come through uninjured with a good record of victories and a permanent commission. I could not face returning to civilian life. . . . I want you to realize that if I do get shot down I am not unduly perturbed about it. . . . No point in being sorry for me as I wouldn't be in a position to receive it. . . ." He was shot down on February 15th 1942. We are grateful to his mother for allowing these letters to be published. B. E. B.



"Ain't she a honey, brother?"

"She sure ought to be—she took a full three days to build."

Can I Draw?

By Smith Minor

I SAY I can't, another boy says I can, another boy says not yet but I may one day, and Green says I never will. So what I thort I wuold do, if the reader dosen't mind, or even if he or she dose I'm afraid, as how can one find out, wuold be to ilustrate my next artickle, wich is this one, to see how it went. But don't worry, becorse if we find I can't, I promise never to do it again.

"Yes, but do poeple always keep their promises?" said Green, when I promised him.

"If they're English they do," I said.

"I've got an English uncle who has promised me a rabbit," he said, "but I haven't had it yet."

"You properly will," I said, "or if not I'll bet he's got some foreign blood in him."

"Even if he has, how cuold you prove it was the foreign bit that promised?" he said.

"I grant you cuoldn't," I said, "but you'd know."

Anyhow there's not any foraign blood in me, our family having been English all our lives, and in the end I made Green agree with me, but as it took a long time and you can't ilustrate a conversashun, I won't go on with it.

Well, what I'm going to tell you about now is about a boy named Eric Stukeley (he's the one who thinks I can draw) and he's English, if you like! He's not much to look at, as you'll see from the first ilustration,



that is if it's anything like him, wich it may not be, but weather it is or weather it isn't he's about the size of a peahen and he has light curley hair and freckles. I cuoldn't draw the freckles, so you'll have to

imagine those. But if you think becorse he's small he isn't any good,

wait till you get to the end of the article. As a matter of fact, one of his ancestors fought at the Battle of Crescy 497 years ago (I think).

Well, it was a pity for a man he met one day that he, that is, the man, didn't know this. Acktually I met the man, too, I being with Stukeley when he, Stukeley, met the man. We were walking along a road, and when we came upon this man, who you'll see in the second ilustration, he had a black beard and a lot of black untidy hair, but what you notised most was his nose, this being large enough for three, anyway when we met him he was beating a horse to make it go up a steap hill with a great lode of wood,

"And what is worse than to attack A creachure that can't answer back?"

So I said,

"Here, what are you doing?"

He stared at me with an oth, and then he said,

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'What are you doing?'" I said.

His beate eyebrows went up and down several times, he had them too as well as the black beard (*vide* illustration again), and then he said,

"Now, look here, you young wipper-snapper, I'll tell you what I'm doing,



I'm minding my own buisness, so you mind yours."

"I may be a snapper, but you are the wipper," I said.

"What?" he said:

"Of the horse," I said.

"I've had enough of this," he said.

"I expectt your horse has, too," I said.

"Hear, hear," said Eric Stukeley.

It was the first thing he had said, and the man turned and glared at him, little recking that Eric Stukeley was one who went in for deeds rather than words, unlike your auther, who is better at words. But then I suppose authers wuold be.

"Oh, so you're in this, too," said the man.

"Up to the hilt," said Eric Stukeley.

"What's that mean?" said the man.

"It means this," said Eric Stukeley.

"If you hurt that horse any more, you'll get hurt yourself."

"Be careful," I said.

"Say that to him, not to me," said Eric Stukeley.

Then all sorts of things hapened to the man's face, his beate brows not only going up and down faster and faster, but his cheeks going in and out, and he let out a lot more oths, a few of wich we knew but most of wich we didn't, and perhaps had better not. After that he turned back to his horse and gave it such a whallup that it rheared up on its frontel legs as if it was in a death gasp.

"Take off your coat," said Eric Stukeley.

"Do you think I take off my coat to winkles?" shouted the man.

"Then come on," said Eric Stukeley.

"Wait a bit," I said, being fair, "I began this, so I ouht to fight him."

"No, I threw down the glove," said Eric Stukeley.

"In a way, you did," I said.

"I'll take on the two of you," said the man.

"That wuoldn't be cricket," said Eric Stukeley, "so put them up, unless you're afrade."

Now before you come to the third illustration I want you to look at the first and the second again and put them together, becorse if you do that you will get one more, in a way, by seeing how the man and Eric Stukeley looked jest before they began their fight, and you will agree that it didn't seam as if Eric Stukeley had any chance. I myself didn't think he had, and I was wondering:

(1) if I ouht to insist on fighting, too;

(2) if, not insisting, I shuold join in when Eric Stukeley was geting the worst of it;

(3) if, not joining in, I wuold have to fight the man afterwards; and

(4) if, fighting the man afterwards, and losing, wuold we have helped the horse?

And hardly had I wondered all these above things when the man had rushed at Eric Stukeley and crasched him one on the jaw. What hapened then you will see in illustration No. 3.

I've been throuh some nasty times,



well, come to that, who hasn't, but I don't remember very many nastier than seeing Eric Stukeley lying in the road and thinking he was dead.

Honestly

I've never seen a person who wasn't dead look more dead, and I wondered if he'd be buried alone or if we'd both be buried together.

Yes, but don't worry. What hapened next will surprise you, as it surprised me and the man, the man most. I think he thort Eric Stukeley was dead, too, for he was bending over him with a funny look in his eyes, when all of a sudden, lo! Stukeley jumped up and, returning the complement, as they say, crasched the man one on the jaw, and the next moment—well, see illustration No. 4!



"My hat!" I said, honestly not beleiving it.

But it was true, and so now the

question was weather the man was dead. But he wasn't, becorse when I'd counted up to seven he opened his eyes and said,

"Go on."

"What with?" I said.

"The counting," he said. "I'm not getting up till you've reeched ten."

So I counted up to ten, and then he got up, and then he said,

"You're a cupple of blasted fools, but I'll say you've got some spunk, and it's becorse that's what we need these days that I didn't get up and finish you off. What about shaking hands?"

"Do you really mean it?" we said.

"On my blasted oth," he said.

So we shook hands, and then I said,

"Yes, but what about the horse?"

"Don't worry about her," he said, "when I get home I'll give her a lump of sugar and let her have a nice rest in my arm-chair."

Of corse, I don't supose he meant that.

* * * * *

Well, after the above ilustrations were done, or if they're not above, wherever they are, we all had a good look at them to find out weather I cuold draw, and I still think I can't, and Eric Stukeley still thinks I can, and the other boy still says not yet but perhaps one day, and Green still says never.

Somehow I can't help fealing sure that Green is right.

o o

Effie

THE great thing with Effie was to keep on talking. She was probably the most talked-at wardmaid in any hospital in the world. Once you allowed one of her silences to develop you got a terrible feeling that you were poised in space and that at any moment you might fall through everything. To see Effie leaning over her broom at the end of your bed and fixing you with an eye like a lollipop wound up strange springs in your inside, for you knew she could go on like that for ever, and you couldn't.

She was just fifteen.

Round the walls of every hospital ward run imaginary lines, as invisible as the equator and no less important, for they divide up the total area into high or acrobatic dusting, medium or arm-chair dusting, and low dusting. High dusting really boils down to spiders and is not taken very gravely because all hospital authorities are

convinced that spiders find the smell of antiseptics and the cheerful bustle of nurses too depressing. For this reason spiders like hospitals very much. Medium dusting is a much more serious matter, but it is also one of the sacred mysteries of nursing. It includes the surfaces of all furniture, and of anything which may be standing on the furniture, such as bottles or the patient's elbow, and is done every morning by between four and six nurses, in single file. One will leave off halfway across the bed-table and the next will put a high glaze on the cupboard handles, but when the whole team has finished the zone will be spotless. To offer Sister a pink gin out of a bottle marked "Hair Tonic" gives less offence than to suggest any amendments to this richly feminine technique.

Low dusting was where Effie came in. In such a clean place as a hospital there would have been nothing to it but for the powers possessed by surgical beds of grinding the best blankets into fine fluff. The more a patient rolls about the more a surgical bed justifies the reckless expenditure of money and brains which have gone to its design. Sometimes in the morning the floor of my cubicle used to be covered with a soft white manna inches thick.

It was this daily dividend of minced blanket which really gave Effie her place in the scheme of things and kept her firmly planted there, when otherwise she might have been sucked away by industry or the land. Every morning she would start in at one end of the ward and brush the night's takings out of the first few cubicles into a neat heap. The method in itself was excellent, but as it took no account of nurses' feet or of the gales which roar through hospitals Effie was always having to adapt it. One moment the

capital accumulation from several cubicles would be lying quietly in the aisle, looking like a fat dead lamb, the next it would be discovered tangled up in Nurse Hollyhock's ankles—she was shortsighted and once was only stopped by inches from propelling it into Matron's office at the other end of the hospital—or in the spokes of Commander Loudwater's bathchair. Fortunately it was well known that Effie was a specialist at her job and so nobody ever questioned her ability to deal calmly and masterfully with these crises.

Sooner or later the need for human intercourse overcame her, and then she drove her broom powerfully into your bed. You might be asleep or writing to your uncle in New South Wales, but that meant nothing to Effie. Having transfixed you with her eye she would ask hoarsely "Ever see Chesca Mascara in *Hot Lips in Paradise*?" Whether you had or not was really of the least interest to her, but her mind was so soaked in the cinema that I think she was always waiting impatiently for life to spring into a screen rhythm. That none of us had a machine-gun under his bed or was visited by willowy blondes moulting the secrets of the General Staff was a constant surprise to her.

Effie was the youngest of eleven, and complained that while the trouble with brothers was they went away, the trouble with sisters was they stayed home. She thought about as much of her own sex as she did of doctors. But there she made an exception of surgeons, who impressed her against

her will because, as she said, you could generally see what they'd done. She was rather the same about illness. Mere symptoms, however exciting to the physician and racking to the patient, left her cold. Flying Officer Diggle, who had landed his Spitfire upside-down in a sewage farm while on his own confession trying to find a suitable last line to a limerick about a land-girl named Florence, was the only one in our ward whose condition stirred her heart, and that was simply because they locked up his right leg in a long birdcage and at intervals broke it again as a reminder that poetry must be kept in its place. The nearest Effie ever came to sympathy for me was when she offered to smuggle me in sixpennyworth of Hargreave's Health Restorer, which she was confident would put me right in a day. If only I could have persuaded one of the surgeons to remove my headache and show it to Effie in a bottle I know she would have been much sorrier for me.

Although she inspired terror in every bosom and made us all chatter like parrots we each had our own methods of self-defence. Mr. Twilligott, who was a scientist, enlarged habitually on the bacteria commonly harboured by hospital floors, but I don't think he had ever forgiven Effie for spilling his beef-tea down his neck and then laughing herself into a coma in which she had had to be wheeled away. Commander Loudwater's plan was to take a different naval battle every day and pull it to pieces under Effie's astonished gaze. I used to love to hear Drake knocking hell out of the Spaniards while her lifework sailed the ward with a stiff breeze on its beam.

For myself, I just pretended to be mad, and Effie accepted this readily. It worked very well. ERIC.



Here ends Mr. Punch's Two

Hundred and Fourth Volume

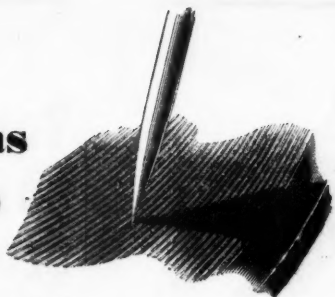


NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.


What has a needle to do with paint?



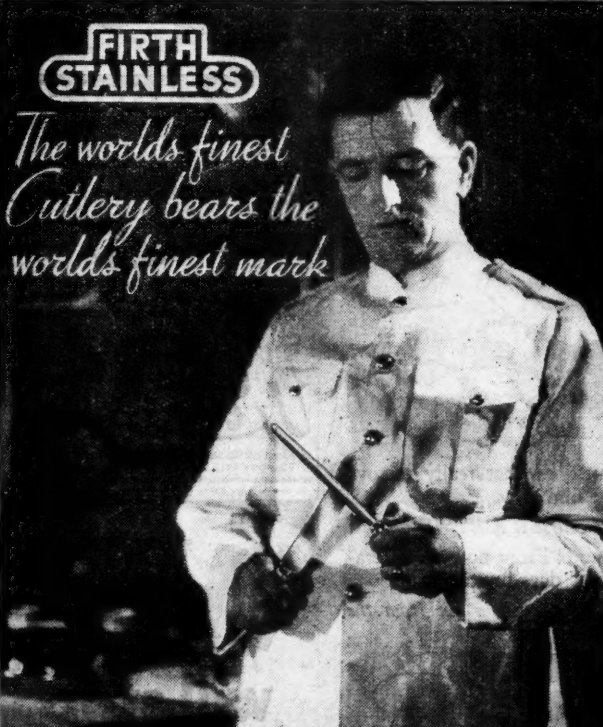
One qualification for good paint is that it should be scratch-proof. That is why Robbialac Paints are put through a scratch test before they are used in the Nation's workshops, to prove they can stand rough, tough war-time treatment. The paint is scratched by means of an instrument which draws a blunted gramophone-needle across the hardened film. The needle is weighted—and the point of the test is to see how heavy a scratch the paint surface will stand without cutting up rough. And any paint that does not prove its mettle gets short shrift from the Robbialac scientists. Thus, the products of our Laboratories are always able to stand up to hard wear, hard knocks and hard facts. To-day, Robbialac Paints and Varnishes are used on war-work, but, when better times return, whether you have a painting problem in your factory—or in your hall—just see how our scientists can come up to scratch with the solution.

The ROBBIALAC COMPANY

Proprietors ENSON & NICHOLSON LTD., LONDON, E. 15



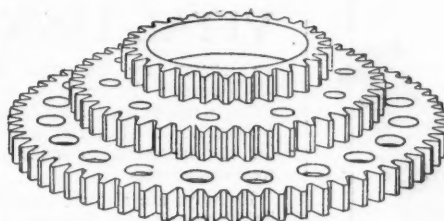
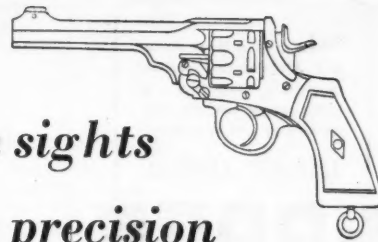
*The world's finest
Cutlery bears the
world's finest mark*



FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LIMITED

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles.

When the sights are set on precision




Every officer in the Services is familiar with the Webley Revolver, and in engineering circles it has long been regarded as a pattern of precision work. But nowadays the name Webley is associated with fine mechanism of many other kinds, such as the Aero Engine Pump Triple Driving Gear shown above. The gear is of a difficult section and demands precision craftsmanship throughout. An exacting job, but (as an engineer would say) it is 'right in Webley's line'.

Webley

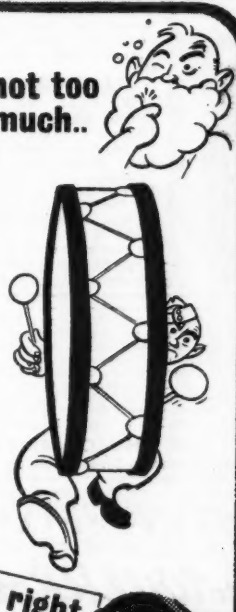
PRECISION ENGINEERS SINCE 1790

WEBLEY AND SCOTT LIMITED, PREMIER WORKS, WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4

**Not too
little..**




**not too
much..**



but just right

thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK



ER 348-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

In spite of Navy, Army and Air Force priorities, reasonable quantities of Lodge plugs are available for civilian use, therefore—

INSIST UPON LODGE

THE
BEST PLUG



FOR
YOUR CAR

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

The VITAL LINK

RAILWAYS are the vital link between the convoys with their urgent and important freights and the factories waiting for the materials to make the weapons of war.

Railways are also the essential link between the factories and the battle. They play a major part in every Allied campaign and are of paramount importance in the strategy of modern war. Few, if any, other sections of industry have had to undertake a task so immensely increased in volume.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR • LMS LNER • SR

Carrying the War Load



ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES

This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., A.M.I.E.E., etc.

WE GUARANTEE—

"NO PASS—NO FEE."

Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio-Television and Production Engineering, Training, Building, Govt. Employment, R.A.F. Maths., Matriculation, etc. Think of the future and send for your copy at once—FREE.

B.I.E.T., 214 SHAKESPEARE HOUSE,
17, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

It is fitting that the Memorial to Prebendary Wilson Carlie should be worthy of the glorious past and fit the Church Army of the future to continue and extend the work. Both purposes will be achieved by the provision of new Training Colleges for C.A. workers, which is the form the memorial will take. Please give according to your means, and your love of the cause. Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary,

THE CHURCH ARMY

55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

POST YOUR FILMS

to Will R. Rose LTD
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester

and get MAGNA PRINTS REC'D

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them

L.B. LTD. London



Yes, especially these days!
How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures in 'Steradent' overnight—but if there's an air-raid warning 20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the morning cleans them beautifully.

But does that really remove the film?

Of course it does!

Good! From now on 'Steradent' does my teeth, too!

Why not get a tin from the chemist?

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



Your post-war production problems—

Anything from small parts
to large assemblies

EVANS the engineers



"We can
take our
coats off"

J. EVANS & SON (PORTSMOUTH) LTD.
Enquiries should be made c/o F. G. Allen Sons & Blake, 15 Landport Terrace, Portsmouth, Solicitors.

TAS/JS

Cephus

The safe & certain remedy
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

FOR HEADACHE



Plaisters, Powders and Strapping
in one outfit, giving perfect relief
in 3 to 7 days surely and economically.

Hobson's Choice

CORN PLAISTERS
POWDERS

From all Chemists, Stores, etc. 7d. per Pack.
Plaisters only 2d. each. Powders 1d. each.

VAPEX

INHALANT

will stop that cold

a little goes a long way



A corn, callous, painful heel or weak arch puts a brake on business activity as surely as war restrictions!

If your feet give the slightest trouble—come to Scholl Foot Service. First our experts give you treatment for immediate pain. Then, by careful examination, discover why your feet have gone 'out of the true,' and suggest methods for correction. Soon you're walking normally—with feet that mean business! Advice free. Treatment inexpensive.

Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances for men, women and children are obtainable at Scholl Depots, all the best chemists, shoe-dealers and stores.

FOOTNOTES BY SCHOLL



THE name "BITUMASTIC" is frequently employed as a general term to indicate any product of a bituminous character; but this quite incorrect and illegal use of the name does not imbue those products with the "Bitumastic" quality.

"BITUMASTIC" is a Trade Mark name, the exclusive property of Wailes Dove Bitumastic Ltd., and applies only to products of their manufacture. Behind these products there is 89 years' experience in protecting Marine and Industrial Structures, Plant and Equipment from Corrosion, Rot and Decay, and the name itself is a guarantee of an effectiveness and longevity that has been proved by evidence from all quarters of the globe.

The services of our Advisory Department are always available free of charge. Kindly write to Dept. E4.

WAILES DOVE
BITUMASTIC LTD

The People who Defeat Corrosion



HEBBURN • CO • DURHAM • ENGLAND

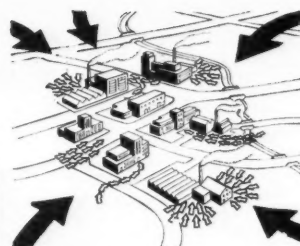
GD 91/B

The Strategy of Rat Control

Of all known methods of dealing with the menace of rats and mice, there is none that is not complicated by the rodents' suspicious nature and migratory habits. Carefully laid traps or poison may be rendered ineffective by suspicion; premises successfully brought under control re-infested through migration.

Recognizing these complications in the otherwise apparently straightforward task of de-infestation, the Ratin Company long ago realized the fundamental need of harnessing the skill of the scientist with the trained patience of the operator.

Thus the Company perfected their method of attack, which is dependent for its success on the balanced formula produced by its scientists coupled with a lively appreciation of the rodents' reaction to it—which is the special study of the trained operator.



Nor is that all. Obviously such a method cannot be implemented without a carefully matured plan—a plan conceived to meet the circumstances of each individual problem, and the continuity of inspection and service at strategically-timed intervals: to ensure that once controlled by the initial treatments, the premises remain under control.

It is upon the thoroughness and integrity of its operators, as much as on the Company's scientists, that the success of the Ratin method depends and the ever-increasing number of prominent undertakings employing the Ratin Service is an irrefutable testimony to the work of national importance which they are performing.

THE
BRITISH RATIN
CO LTD
125 PALL MALL LONDON, S.W.1 Telephone: ABBEY 7621

The Testing Time

BEFORE the war, Ferranti Fires were sold chiefly on their ability to provide abundant radiant heat quickly. That they were robustly made, of the finest metals, was not unduly stressed, for the name Ferranti was assurance of quality.

NOW, when new fires are no longer obtainable, is the testing time of pre-war quality. Those who own Ferranti models have reason to commend their choice. There are, we know, many 1930 to 1939 Ferranti models still in regular use.

How your domestic appliances stand up to war-time demands is worth remembering when you are able to replace them with newer models after the war. Meanwhile, use electricity sparingly—in the interests of Fuel Economy—and do try to avoid its use between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. when the demand on the supply system is greatest.

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FF289

BARNEYS in the R.A.F.



"50% of our pipe smokers smoke one or other of your ★Barneys brands." . . . "It is wonderful Tobacco," he goes on to say. That comes from an R.A.F. Station. We are proud to know that we have produced the favoured Tobacco of these grand sportsmen and heroes.

As one Barneys smoker put it to us, "only the best of Tobaccos is good enough." . . . These men of action appreciate and need something *outstanding* in the Tobacco they smoke.

If you are seeking the Tobacco that measures up in smoking satisfaction to all that a good Tobacco should . . . try Barneys next time.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowl (full). 2/9½d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(259)



Your **£3,000,000 motor car**

INTO a few years is being condensed the technical experimentation of a decade. The ultimate "post-war" Morris, Wolseley, M.G. or Riley car will embody the accumulated and pooled knowledge of an Organization whose rich and diverse experience in these vital years has increased its stature as a vast engineering undertaking.

The
NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

A CORNERSTONE OF BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE

Morris Motors Ltd.
Wolseley Motors Ltd.
The M.G. Car Co. Ltd.
Riley (Coventry) Ltd.
Morris Commercial Cars Ltd.



S.U. Carburettor Co. Ltd.
Nuffield Mechanizations Ltd.
Nuffield Tools and Gauges Ltd.
Nuffield Industries Exports Ltd.

... Ltd.
... Ltd.
... es Ltd.
... rts Ltd